Saturday Review

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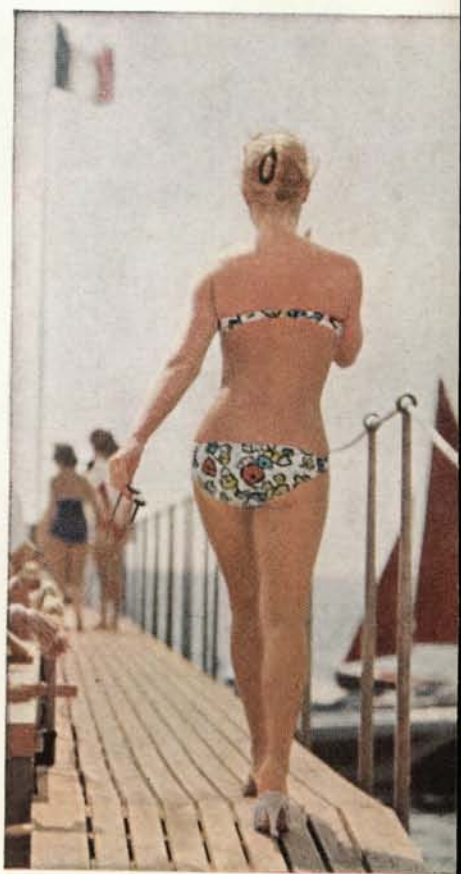

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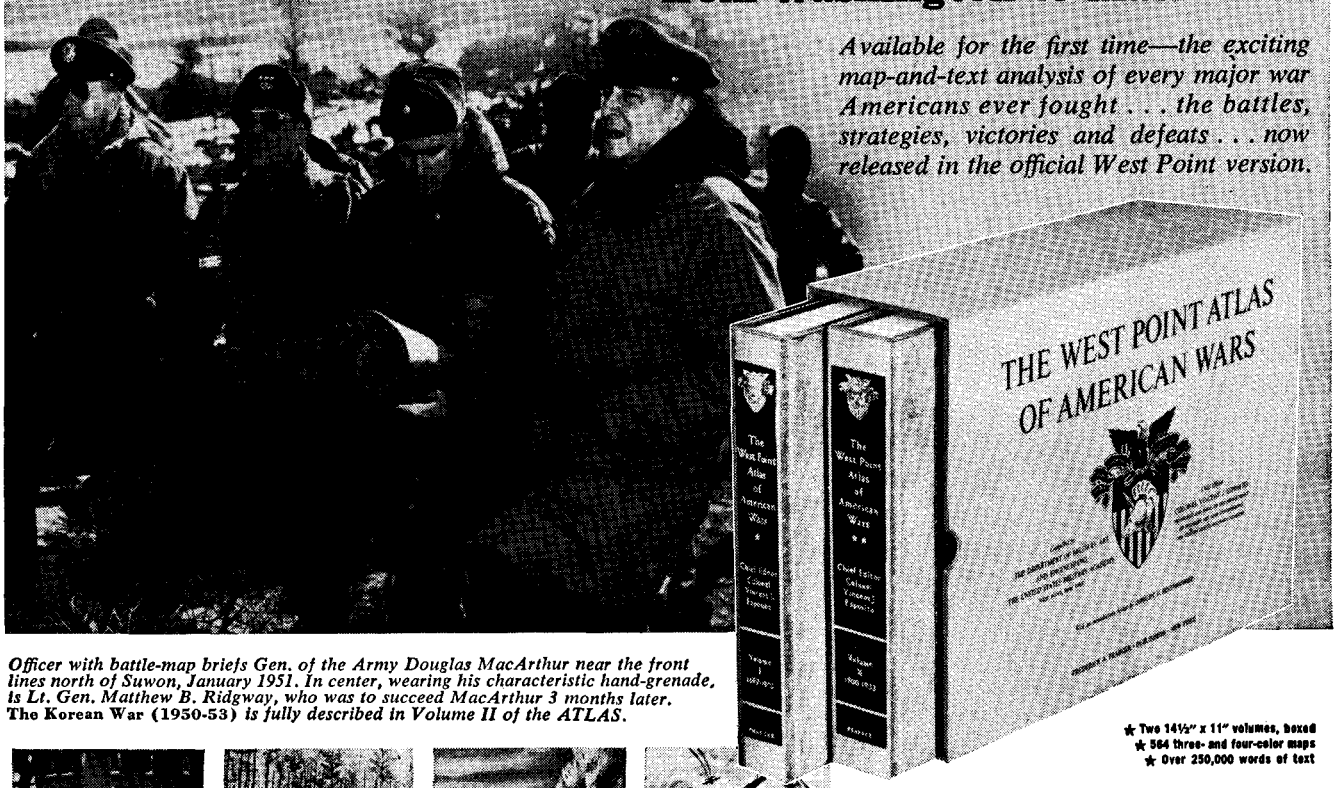

Officer with battle-map briefs Gen. of the Army Douglas MacArthur near the front lines north of Suwon, January 1951. In center, wearing his characteristic hand-grenade, is Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, who was to succeed MacArthur 3 months later. **The Korean War (1950-53)** *is fully described in Volume II of the ATLAS.*

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Publishers like to talk about "word-of-mouth," a mysterious commodity that is said to make books sell. Perhaps it would be fair to give you the word-of-mouth I've been hearing about a new novel, before recommending it.

First, an old friend called to say: "At last you guys have published a *novel!*" My old friend's meaning (he is a notorious non-reader of novels) was clear from the start. He meant the story was about people from Princeton, Southampton, Miss Hewitt's, Bar Harbor—places like that. It also meant that they were "nice people," not always the recommendation that some old friends and nice people seem to think it is.

The second thing I heard was talk about Florence Bullock's review of the book in the *Herald Tribune*, beginning: "J. D. Salinger, Truman Capote, Carson McCullers and Jean Stafford please move over."

Finally, I saw and heard the writer—his name is Richard Dougherty—at the National Book Awards and liked him immediately. He seemed to be having a good time. That made him outstanding at an event where all publishers and most authors feel they must look pained.

Driven by this word of mouth (and pen, etc.), I turned to the book, "A Summer World," and I'd like to say that I've been enjoying it, laughing out loud here and there, and want to get back to it. A good book with which to start the good season, it's about a colony of intelligent, candid, attractive people whose summer world is not mine, although I wish it were.

With your permission, I've still got a few pages to finish.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"A Summer World" ($3.95), by Richard Dougherty, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 18 Adams Avenue, W., Detroit 26, Mich.

Saturday Review

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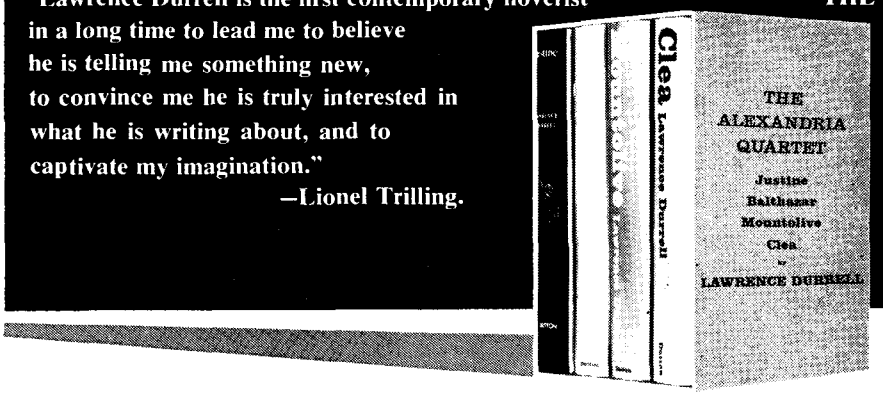

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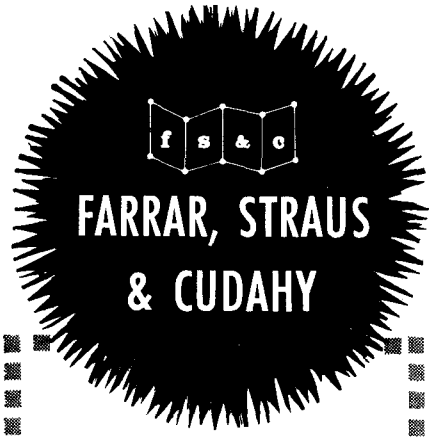

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HAVING SEEN one of the twelve extant pages of the original manuscript of "The Origin of Species," I am surprised that the book was ever published. Charles Darwin's emendations and execrable handwriting must have sorely tried the printer whose job was to decipher the world-shaking ideas contained there. Darwin admitted his

handwriting was pretty bad. I couldn't read more than a word or two of the page I saw.

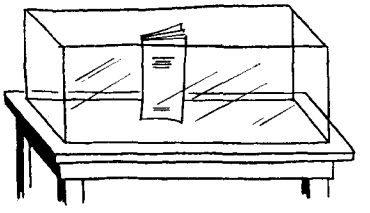
This rare sheet, incidentally, is in the collection of the Burndy Library, Norwalk, Connecticut, which owns 13,000 scientific documents valued at $500,000. The institution is particularly rich in books and pamphlets dealing with electricity and magnetism, some of them going back to the Middle Ages. Typical are such priceless and fascinating items as Volta's own copy of Galvani's original studies on the phenomenon of animal electricity, and a Faraday letter describing his discovery of electromagnetic induction. The library, in fact, owns the very machine on which Volta made his famous experiments. (He invented your automobile battery, in case you didn't know.)

This institution, chartered in 1941 by the Board of Regents of New York State, gathers and makes available to students and authors its comprehensive collection of original source documents on which the development of modern technology has been based. Another means of sharing this invaluable information has been the annual publication of a book on some scientific subject, using the library's material as its basis. Printed in editions of about 10,000 copies, the books are offered to a selected list of interested people in the scientific field.

THE BURNDY LIBRARY'S seventeen books have covered such topics as da Vinci's military machines, the moving of the Egyptian obelisks to their present locations (Rome, New York, London, etc.), and the laying of the Atlantic cable. They have all been illustrated with unusual maps and prints and written in a readable style. The latest publication is "Darwin of the Beagle," the story of the young naturalist's five-year voyage on the brig HMS *Beagle* and the subsequent events leading up to his "theory of evolution."

Contained in this book is a facsimile of the original manuscript mentioned above. Since the Burndy Library has on its shelves the complete *Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society*, it was possible to include in "Darwin of the Beagle" an exact duplicate of the joint paper presented to the Society on July 1, 1858, by Darwin and Alfred Wallace, the explorer in the Malayan jungle who had, independently, arrived at the same conclusions about varieties of species as had Darwin.

THE AUTHOR of the Darwin volume and most of the others is Bern Dibner, director of the library (hobby) and president of the Burndy Corporation (business). The concern is the nation's leading manufacturer of electrical connectors used by power companies and by makers of aircraft, electric equipment, and appliances. It's simple enough: tiny little wires and huge



cables all have to be connected somehow to something. Burndy makes millions of dollars' worth of these vital connectors every year.

In fact, the success of the corporation means that Mr. Dibner can afford the rather costly library, a private institution. Every year he roams a part of Europe where he can make contact with the book dealers and agents who know about his interest in scientific documents. That's how he happens to have a pamphlet linking magnetism and electricity that was published by the Dane Oersted in 1820. He showed it to me, and his eyes lit up with excitement as he said:

"This was an ephemeral thing. It was printed and then everybody forgot about it. You are now looking at one of the four or five copies in the world of this important paper. We got it in Copenhagen from a book dealer. We paid $1,800 for this scrap of paper, because a collection like ours either

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has this cornerstone or it hasn't. This is truly priceless. It has been reproduced many times, but a reproduction doesn't carry the conviction, the reality, or the truth of primary evidence."

Oersted, whose paper was entitled "Experiments on the Effects of Electricity on a Magnetic Needle," will be the subject of next year's Burndy Library publication by Dibner.

A FRIEND OF MINE with sharp eyes and a good memory was reading Louis Untermeyer's "Lives of the Poets" when he thought he spotted some familiar passages. Investigation proved he was right: in the article on poetry in his old edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica he found what he was looking for. Untermeyer had not only adopted ideas and conclusions from the encyclopedia, but he had lifted phrases and passages word for word, almost.

"It'll be interesting to see how these big writers explain their plagiarism," he said to me as he shot off a letter

to Untermeyer demanding satisfaction. The reply was satisfying, I must say. Untermeyer replied that he had been caught red-handed. He had, indeed, stolen material from the poetry article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica because (1) it was a darned good article and (2) he had written it.

Furthermore, he asked, "Who can you steal from, if not yourself?"

THE BEST I've ever read on the subject is the book "Baseball, The Early Years" (Oxford), by Harold Seymour, a former Brooklyn Dodger batboy, college player, scout, umpire, and manager. Right now he is a college history professor, but he is probably best known for having been awarded his doctorate (Cornell) for a thesis on the history of baseball. This book is the first of a projected two volumes on the subject. I found it informative and myth-shattering.

I learned, among other things, that Abner Doubleday had nothing to do with the invention of the game, that baseball is a business not a sport, that gamblers were fixing games from the very start, that Billy Sunday played major league ball, and that there really was a Mike Kelly.

Kelly played with the White Sox in the 1880s. He was flamboyant, colorful, and notorious both on and off the field. He was a fine hitter and a clever base runner whose exploits in-

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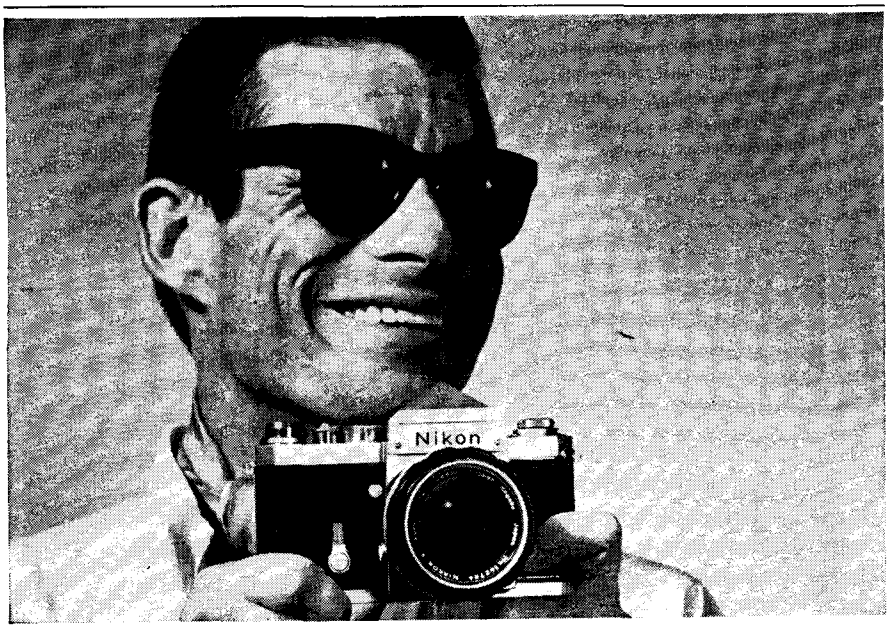

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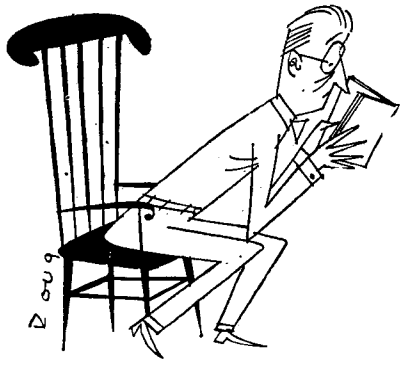
spired the well-known cry, "Slide, Kelly, Slide," which later became the title of a popular song. One famous story tells how once in a crucial situation he leaped from the bench, announced "Kelly now substituting!" and caught a foul pop fly, retiring the side and saving the game for Chicago.

Kelly liked horses, night clubs, and liquor as much as he did baseball. Once he sent word to the manager that he wouldn't be at the ball park because he was in a Turkish bath getting into shape. It turned out he had spent the day at the racetrack. Kelly's career ended when he was thirty-six years old. He died of "typhoid-pneumonia." Perhaps there is a lesson here for today's big-leaguers.

ONE OF THE MOST significant new moves in the direction of efficient distribution of books is being made by Robinson K. Russo, the West Coast financier and scientific genius. They've been calling him "the boy wonder" for almost a decade. Although he's twenty-nine, he still looks it.

His latest venture is based on the knowledge that communications and liaison between publishers and booksellers have broken down seriously. Russo, who doesn't read very much, heard someone complaining that when he had gone into a store and asked for a book, he was told it would take two or three weeks to obtain it. Russo's family motto, freely translated, means "everything can be done better and faster," so he doped out a system whereby autographed books can be delivered to outlying districts in a day or two.

The boy wonder learned that every author always has several copies of



his books on hand. If the bookstores were supplied with the home addresses of each author, he realized they could appeal directly for urgently needed copies. It would take only a thirty-five-cent telegram, and in the case of some writers it could be sent collect. The writer would immediately dispatch the book, suitably inscribed, to the store. He would then ask the publish-

er for a replacement, which would arrive in two or three weeks.

The simplicity of the Russo plan is astounding, and could come only from a person outside the business who is not hampered by the taboos and prejudices that often prevent experienced men from coming to grips with a problem. As of April Fool's Day, Russo had signed up eighteen writers and four bookstores, all in California.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Let's get this one out of the way first. Dick Wormser of Bethel, Connecticut, suggests a motto for a chiropodist: "Large Aches from Little Corns Grow."

► In 1886, when Conan Doyle, a poor physician, decided to write a detective story to make some money, he thought of his old teacher at Edinburgh, Dr. Joseph Bell, and modeled his detective after him. He named him Sherlock, after a famous English cricketeer of the time, and Holmes, after Oliver Wendell.

► Talk about payola! In Hampton, Virginia, a school principal eats at a hamburger drive-in on the house. The owner's son gets away with murder at school. This is a second-grade rumor which I cannot verify.

► Why doesn't the telephone company develop an instrument that has a special ring when someone has called the wrong number, so that you won't have to waste time answering it?

► Did you know that *intuit* is a perfectly good verb? Look up *fubsy* in the big dictionary and see if you don't think it means what it sounds like. The opposite of malnutrition just has to be *bonnutrition, n'est-ce pas?*

► A. Kinney Griffith holds the current record for the oldest author of a first novel. His "The Big Scalphunter" will be out in a few months, and he is sixty-two years of age.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1361)

Oliver Hale:
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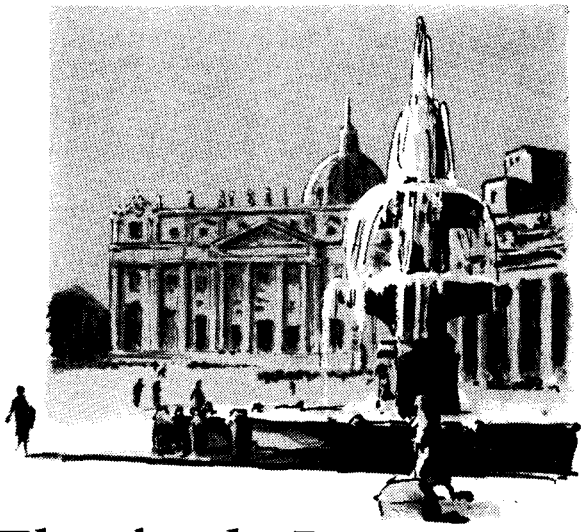
the frail man, and holds the air
with a cross; the crowd's high shout
domes the heaven-vaulted square. . . .

Spring is; and the Son of Man,
flower and leaf, in men's hearts grows,
lily for a season's span:
And the crowd opens like a rose.

A TIME IN ROME



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Saturday Review
APRIL 30, 1960

HOW MANY WORLDS DO WE NEED?

By PAUL-HENRI SPAAK, *secretary-general of NATO and a former Prime Minister of Belgium. Mr. Spaak's essay appears in connection with the fiftieth-anniversary program of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The article will form a chapter in the book "Perspectives on Peace: 1910-1960." The book will be published by Stevens and Sons in England and by Praeger in the United States.*

Paul-Henri Spaak

IT IS a little difficult nowadays to understand, even in the United States, the high hopes and the enthusiasm which were aroused in my generation during the early Twenties by the ideas of President Wilson.

We had just emerged from a cruel war. Great novels like "Le Feu," by Barbusse, and "La Vie des Martyrs," by Duhamel, to say nothing of the terrible statistical evidence, were there to remind us of the price Europe had had to pay for the defense (with America's help) of freedom and for what we considered, correctly, a victory of right over might.

What filled us with hope was the belief that this war, which had lasted so long and been so heartbreaking, had put an end to wars, and that the immense and painful effort imposed on so many millions of men would be followed by a brave new world in which the enemies of yesterday, now reconciled, would be able to live in peace.

This belief found political expression in the messages of President Wilson. Of course we all admired Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Foch, and Pershing, but it was in the President of the United States that we placed our hopes for the future, for he was proclaiming a new gospel of human solidarity.

The last of the famous Fourteen Points postulated that a general association of nations must be constituted with a view to affording collective guarantees of the political independence and territorial integrity of states, both large and small. It was this that started the League of Nations.

The idea of collective security was, of course, not new. Its germ already lay concealed in the first alliance ever concluded in the dawn of history between two chieftains or two peoples. Many different forms of it have emerged at different periods of history. What was entirely new about President Wilson's proposal was its universal character. Collective security was no longer to be confined within the framework of narrow self-interest. On the contrary, it was to be extended to the world at large through general application of the principle of the equality of all states.

THE Covenant of 1920 clearly specified in its preamble that the purpose of the League of Nations was to prevent war and to obviate, as far as possible, recourse to force by the firm establishment and the strict observance of international law. The aggressor was in effect outlawed and the solidarity of all was enlisted on behalf of the victim. In view of the large membership of the League, this really amounted to almost universal application of the principle of collective security.

Sincerely accepted and loyally carried out, this principle would have made peace secure, for no nation could feel strong enough to defy a world combination of nations.

Why, then, was the League of Nations, founded on such noble principles, to prove such a lamentable political failure?

I can see three main reasons: it was too far in advance of the times; it was greatly weakened by the absence of the United States and the spectacular retirement of Germany, Italy, and Japan; and it was reduced to impotence by the absurd rule of unanimity.

NATIONAL selfishness and the principle of the absolute sovereignty of states were still all-powerful. The rejection of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States and its refusal to join the League were probably the most striking political manifestations of this state of mind. The League never seems to have entirely recovered from this initial setback. It was difficult indeed to frame and carry out a world policy in which the United States had no part.

Nazism and Fascism were in any case not conducive to the success of the experiment. In order to maintain itself, every regime based on a dictatorship must of necessity call to its aid the most uncompromising nationalism. Any totalitarian organization was bound to find itself in conflict with the democratic spirit of the League of Nations.

Nevertheless, these many factors of

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weakness might perhaps have been overcome if the drafters of the Covenant had not felt obliged, in deference to the prevailing mood, to sacrifice the efficient functioning of the organization on the altar of absolute national sovereignty.

Article 5 of the Covenant specifies: "Except where otherwise expressly provided in the Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty, decisions at any meetings of the Assembly or of the Council shall require the agreement of all the Members of the League represented at the meeting."

When agreement could not be reached—and it was often impossible to reach—each country reverted to its freedom of judgment and of action.

Here lay the intrinsic weakness of the League of Nations, and twenty-five years later we find the same defect, little, if at all, attenuated, in the United Nations. This weakness must be denounced. I am profoundly convinced, and my conviction grows stronger every day, that international organizations, whether universal or regional, will not fulfil their purpose completely until all nations, great and small, accept the idea that beyond their individual aims, too often selfish, there exists a code of international law, formulated by the majority, which must be obeyed by all.

I cannot insist too strongly on this. An international organization, like any other institution, must have authority. Without authority it can only fail and may in some circumstances do harm. Without authority it has no means of solving difficult problems. Without authority a venture so complex as a universal organization cannot possibly succeed.

The League of Nations pursued its economic and financial aims, intellectual cooperation, the prevention of diseases, and its social and humanitarian action, with persistence and often with success. All these activities are evidence of what can be achieved when solidarity is organized on a world-wide scale. Yet nothing durable can be accomplished in these fields unless peace is maintained. To fail in this respect means to fail entirely. Deprived of authority and power, the League of Nations could not carry out its basic task. It managed to settle a few minor problems, but could not take effective action when Italy invaded Ethiopia, when Japan attacked China, or, still less, when World War II broke out. It foundered, swept away by the force of the gale.

However, a great dream must eventually recur, and great political and social experiments will always be repeated if the idea on which they are based is sound. In the long run, hope always prevails over discouragement.

At the height of the storm, when victory was still a long way off and uncertainty about the issue still cast its shadow over the world, the countries then at war with Germany signed in London, on June 12, 1941, the Declaration of Saint James. It affirmed, in particular: "That the only basis of enduring peace is the willing cooperation of free peoples in a world in which, relieved of the menace of aggression, all may enjoy economic and social security, and that it is their intention to work together and with other peoples both in war and peace to this end."

Thus did collective security rise again from its ashes in particularly moving circumstances.

THE Atlantic Charter, several months later, repeated and elaborated the same idea. This time, the United States and the USSR supported this declaration of principles, thus adding greatly to its significance.

Experts of the USSR, the United States, the United Kingdom, and China, after conferring at Dumbarton Oaks, submitted to their allies, on October 7, the draft of the charter which was subsequently to become that of the United Nations.

While the war was still raging around Europe and in the Far East, and peace treaties were as yet inconceivable, forty-five nations, completely disregarding the established order of things in their anxiety to accomplish something really fundamental and spectacular, assembled in April, 1945, at San Francisco for the adoption of the final texts which were to give a second term of life to the League of Nations.

I still think, today, in spite of many disappointments, that we were right to go to San Francisco, to go there as early as we did, to display such high hopes, and to show so much confidence in a noble idea.

But if the organization is to prevent war, it must be able to employ its own means of coercion: economic and financial sanctions as well as military force. Such a combination calls not only for a strong feeling of solidarity, but also for the self-effacement of individual nations before a larger entity.

But the organization I have in mind could not be content to play so passive a role as this. The world does not stand still, and the problems that inevitably arise when there is movement and change have to be solved. Change must be foreseen and accepted, and it must also be made possible. Often it has been brought about by the brutal methods of war. War cannot now be contemplated, and instead of it we must find new procedures, based on the rule of law, for facilitating peaceful change. There must be machinery for enforcement.

We must recognize, fifteen years after the birth of the United Nations, that the ideal which its founders sought to embody in it is still a long way off. Tremendous efforts, with great fervor and patience, will be required for a long time yet, if it is one day to be realized.

The United Nations, as initially

"So business is a little slow today, Phil; so what? Think of our cultural-exchange counterpart: selling blini on Times Square!"

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planned, consisted of two main organs: the Assembly and the Council. The Assembly, a general meeting of all the members, political in character, was to provide a forum for speeches and discussions and for voicing broad aspirations. It could not actually exercise much authority. On the other hand, the Security Council, the real executive body of the organization, consisting of eleven members, five of them permanent and six elected in rotation, and from which all stormy passions were, at least in theory, banned, was entrusted with the objective examination of whatever problems might arise, and was to deal with them judiciously by the use of conciliation and compromise.

THIS structure was logical and reasonable. It achieved a balance between political feeling, with its inevitable excesses, and the wisdom required for the solution of international problems in which, admittedly, neither party is completely in the right or completely in the wrong, and which, above all, call for absolute impartiality if they are to receive anything approaching fair treatment.

It is too seldom realized that the way the United Nations is functioning at the present time is completely at variance with the original concept, and that the change is by no means for the better. I am well aware that much can be said to explain and even justify what has occurred. I am well aware that it was in an attempt to keep the organization afloat that a scheme was devised for the withdrawal of certain political problems from the Security Council, when it had been deprived of all power by the Soviet veto, to enable these problems to be laid before the Assembly. But I also know that the Assembly, as now constituted and with its present rules of procedure, is incapable of studying these problems without bias or of solving them resolutely.

I left the United Nations for a period of five years—from 1949 to 1954, when I was in the Belgian Opposition—and the state of the organization I found on my return after this short interlude gave me a profound shock.

I am accustomed to fighting in the political arena of my own country and I take great pleasure in it. I enjoy the atmosphere of great assemblies. But I must admit that I have never felt so strongly as in the Assembly of the United Nations, with its present composition and spirit, the impossibility of gaining acceptance for a reasonable proposal. Never have I found myself so hedged about by prejudice, passion, and rank obstinacy. Legal argument, appeals to reason, the spirit of compromise, and the voice of impartial justice find no echo in that Assembly. Unbridled nationalism and demagogy hold the field, and many young nations, which ignore the rules of democracy because they lack the faith and have not been through the struggle, seem deaf to the voice of compromise.

But we must not be discouraged. We must pursue the experiment with patience and try to introduce improvements gradually.

A pitched battle was waged at San Francisco around the right of veto. The defects and failures of the League of Nations were still fresh in the memories of the delegates. They all, or nearly all, ascribed them in the first place to that rule of unanimity which I have already denounced. They all, or nearly all, wished to avoid the repetition of past errors. So nobody proposed reinstating this pernicious rule. However, in spite of the general desire for agreement, two trends came into open conflict. The Big Five (the United States, the USSR, the United Kingdom, France, and China) all insisted upon this exorbitant right of veto. According to them, the majority system could be established in the Security Council on the understanding that no decision would be valid unless all five of them formed part of that majority. This meant the automatic rejection of any resolution or recommendation if one of them voted against it or even abstained from voting. In brief, any one of them could override the will of the organization even if expressed by an overwhelming majority.

Many delegations rebelled against such a system. They were prepared, for the benefit of the organization, to sacrifice some part of their countries' sovereign rights and, desirous of establishing a real international authority, declared themselves ready to accept the democratic principle of power exercised by the majority.

THE struggle was truly epic. Resistance was carried to the greatest possible lengths. The "rebels" capitulated only when the Big Five, in the form of an ultimatum, announced: "Unless you accept our right of veto there will be no United Nations."

It is true that some of them toned down this rough language by adding: "Be reasonable. Try the experiment. We promise you that we shall never make use of our right of veto unless our really vital interests are at stake."

It must honestly be recognized that the United States, the United Kingdom, France, and China carried out this unwritten promise with complete loyalty.

The USSR has acted quite differently, though, truth to tell, it never promised anything. Since the inception of the United Nations, it has used its right of veto in the Security Council more than eighty-five times. The significance of this must be clearly understood. It means that at least eighty-five times an international political problem —whether large or small matters little —has been laid before the Security Council, that at least eighty-five times the resolution, though carried, had to be regarded as lost. No institution can withstand the effects of such a practice.

I can see only one excuse for this harmful action. The United Nations is based on a principle which, though intellectually sound, lacks realism. I refer to the principle of the absolute equality of nations. On the basis of this principle each state was given one vote regardless of its power, the role it could play in world affairs, and the responsibilities it had to shoulder.

Surely it cannot reasonably be contended that the importance of the United States is in all respects equal to that of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and that the burdens borne by the USSR are no greater than those of Afghanistan.

WHEN a principle is pressed to its logical conclusion and maintained against all reason, reality is not slow to take its revenge.

To my mind, for many years to come it will be difficult to persuade the great powers in international organizations to relinquish their right of veto and to agree to abide by decisions of the majority. I believe that the only way to induce them to do so is to introduce the "weighted vote," that is to say, a system of voting under which the voting power of each member is proportional to its importance as judged by a combination of criteria, the principal being size of population and economic strength.

The ineffectiveness of the Security Council forced the statesmen responsible for the affairs of the West to seek another formula whereby the security of their respective countries could be safeguarded. Thus the Atlantic Alliance came into being.

The drafters of the Treaty of Washington went to great pains to relate their initiative to the Charter of the United Nations. They have always maintained, rightly, that the Treaty complies with the terms of Article 51, which specifically authorizes measures of collective defense.

The Atlantic powers undoubtedly form a more homogeneous group than do the countries of the United Nations. Reasons for their close cooperation are

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Legend Lived in Cambridge

By Granville Hicks

IN THE spring of 1921 a sophomore at Harvard climbed the stairs of Hollis Hall to the rooms of Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, where the student read aloud his most recent theme to the usual accompaniment of groans and scowls. Later, however, after Copey had dictated acidulous comments to be written on the back of the paper, he relaxed and talked about general matters, including, as it happened, the work of Joseph Hergesheimer. When he learned that the student admired "Java Head," he lent him a copy of "Linda Condon," with stern warnings that it was to be returned in forty-eight hours.

The student returned the book promptly enough, but this student was a commuter, and he had read the novel on his journey to and from college. The book was bound in light blue, and the train was a filthy train. Copey was not at home when the student brought the book back, and he left it with an apologetic note. The class (it was English 12, of course) met the next day, and Copey opened the session by holding up the volume so the class could see the grimy defacement of the binding. More than that, he insisted on its being passed from student to student, and each time it changed hands he chanted, "Hicks is a dirty boy."

It was a performance that I did not enjoy at the time. (For that matter, my classmates did not seem to find it particularly funny, and one of them, Thomas Lamont, who was a favorite as I was not, remonstrated with Copey afterwards.) But that is the sort of thing one learned to expect from Copey: a certain savageness was part of his act, and that act was an endless performance.

This is the man about whom J. Donald Adams has written in "**Copey of Harvard**" (Houghton Mifflin, $5), which is being published eight years after Copeland's death and just a hundred years after his birth. On the jacket he is described as "a man who became a legend during his lifetime," which is accurate enough but ignores the extent to which the legend was his own handiwork. He labored at it constantly. Every time he marched stiffly across Harvard Yard, every time he met a student in his rooms, he was playing the part of Copey. His public readings were deservedly famous, but his audiences would have been disappointed if he had not gone through the traditional preliminary antics: the raising and lowering of the lamp, the complaints about drafts, the denunciations of late comers. No student was too humble to be told about the Charles Townsend Copeland Alumni Association or to be urged to dedicate his first book to his beloved preceptor.

Copey not only created the legend; he took care that it should be well nourished. In the Thirties I was writing a biography of John Reed, and naturally turned to Copeland, for Reed had been one of his favorites. That Reed admired Copey greatly was obvious, for he had written an adulatory article about him and had dedicated "Insurgent Mexico" to him in lavish terms. But Copey wanted to be sure that I attached sufficient importance to his relationship with Reed, and I received a series of letters that grew more and more urgent. I did say (I couldn't very well have said anything else) that Reed thought highly of his teacher and felt that he owed him a great debt, but I didn't stop there. I went on to speak of Reed's meeting with Lincoln Steffens, and I wrote: "From then on Steffens stood with Copeland—the two men who made Reed want to do nothing unworthy. And Steffens had something to give his mind."

It was true that I didn't think Copeland had much to give anyone's mind, and I don't know that Adams has changed my opinion about that, but he has given me a kindlier feeling towards the man. I was young when I took his course, and intolerant of his silly posing. I now see something of what lay behind it. He was a small, shy, unwell boy, who left Calais, Maine, in 1878 to attend Harvard. He knew no one in his class when he entered college, and he did not make friends easily. Inconspicuous in appearance, a mediocre student, with no gifts likely to impress his classmates, he spent four almost completely undistinguished years. Then eleven years later, after some experience as a newspaperman, he returned to Harvard as an instructor in freshman English.

It must have been clear enough to Copeland in 1893 that academic advancement would not come easily to him. His classmate George Lyman Kittredge had already gone far, but Kitty was a magnificent scholar and had great vitality and a noble presence to boot. Copey had to find his own way, and he did. He gave lectures and readings, he made friends with students, and he cultivated a variety of memorable eccentricities. By the time he took over English 12 in 1905, he had made a good start in building his legend.

From this point on, the book necessarily becomes fragmentary and anecdotal. There are so many stories about Copey in these years, and so many well-known alumni of English 12 have contributed their recollections, that systematic narrative has been impossible. There is, however, much lively material, including first-rate letters to Copey from John Reed and Waldo Peirce. Adams has printed in full an essay on Kipling that T. S. Eliot wrote for English 12 in 1909, and has given Copeland's comments. After describing Copey's heyday, the book gives a gentle account of his declining years.

Copey

Copey was likely to arouse strong feeling, for and against, but Adams has been judicious. He quotes from such hearty admirers as Bernard De Voto, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, Walter Edmonds, and Brooks Atkinson, and he tells many stories that illustrate qualities in Copey, especially his generosity, that were not apparent to everyone. On the other hand, he makes no effort to conceal Copeland's weaknesses, and he calls to the witness stand many whose testimony is less than enthusiastic. "I found him stimulating," Conrad Aiken writes, "but to be candid I never could really take to him; the vanity, and the insistence on adulation, was too much for me." John Dos Passos speaks of "armed neutrality": "We were very polite to each other but we didn't agree very well." T. S. Eliot's judgment is that English 12 was not profitable to him.

I have never felt that it was profitable to me; certainly I cannot say, as many can, "This and this and this I learned from Copey." But I know that I owe him something. That terrible ordeal of reading my themes aloud to him impressed on me as nothing else had the importance of writing well. I did not like the man himself, but, as I have said, Adams's book has led me to think better of him. The legend he so skilfully created made Harvard a more exciting place and education a more exciting process for many students.

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Remembrance of Italy Past

"The Leopard," by Giuseppe di Lampedusa; *translated by Archibald Colquhoun (Pantheon. 320 pp. $4.50), recreates a period in Sicilian history when aristocracy gave way to the forces of Garibaldi. P. M. Pasinetti, whose novel "Venetian Red" will be published next week, teaches literature at UCLA.*

By P. M. Pasinetti

ITALY certainly does not abound in the conventional kind of novelist, handling universally appealing human situations within a large framework of local history and society. This may have engendered the impression that the country's society and history do not offer incentives for fiction; indeed, the opposite is true. An overabundance of material is crying out to be "invented" into novels. But neither publishers nor critics, it seems, are ready for that kind of flourishing of the art; they are intent on promoting "cases" rather than cultivating the traditional kind of novelist of which perhaps the only approximation in the country is Moravia. And yet there would probably be a public for fiction dealing with historical and social themes; this seemed demonstrated last year by the enormous success of "Il Gattopardo" ("the wildcat," more simply translated now as "The Leopard"), by Giuseppe Tomasi, prince of Lampedusa and duke of Palma. It is the exception that, in more ways than one, confirms the rule. Its material, of a standard type in a sense, bore even to Italians the stamp of brilliant novelty; and Lampedusa constituted a literary "case" if there ever was one.

No one in Italian literary circles knew the tall, clear-eyed gentleman; only after his death and the publication of "The Leopard" did the elements of his personality become widely known. He belonged to old Sicilian aristocracy, at the opposite social pole, in other words, from those characters explored by the greatest Sicilian narrator, Giovanni Verga. This only, extraordinary book by the prince of Lampedusa deals with Sicilian aristocratic society and history at the time of Garibaldi's landing, which led to the end of the Bourbon rule there and in southern Italy, and to the unification of the country. It depicts, in what amounts to a series of *tableaux* centering on Prince Fabrizio Salina, the passing of an old society and the establishing of a new structure; the main pervading implication seems to be a sense of profound immutability in the ethnical and physical qualities of the place, hence of a basic vanity in those historical events.

Giuseppe di Lampedusa—"a distinct artist."

The cast of characters is excellent and each member has his usefully symbolic part in the general drama: the Prince himself, magnificently alive in his strengths and his weaknesses, through whose meditations the whole story is filtered; the tense, subjected Princess; the girl destined to maidenaunthood; the enriched upstart whose dashingly seductive daughter marries the young aristocrat; the family father confessor; the young aristocrat himself, Tancredi Falconeri, who has joined the Garibaldi forces (and in that gesture the Prince, his uncle, has sensed an instinctive way to survival without basic change); last not least, the Milanese and Piedmontese visitors and their fascinating contacts with the Sicilians.

The author has, of course, some of the deceptive external traits of the leisurely dilettante, but, on the other hand, it was precisely his leisure, affording vast readings and a cosmopolitan experience, supported by unmistakable genius, that gave him the chance to realize himself as a distinct artist. In fact, if there is anything vaguely dilettantish in him it is an occasional apparent predilection to write "artistically." His expertness is evident in the general structure of the narra-

SOON AFTER its publication, "The Leopard" ("Il Gattopardo") captured the literary imagination of Europe. Appearing first in Italy in 1958, it was greeted with enthusiastic praise and plans were made to translate the novel into eight languages. Last year it won a major Italian literary award, the Strega, became a best-seller throughout Europe, and already it is being made into a film.

The author is Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma, Prince of Lampedusa, known in his native Palermo, Sicily simply as Lampedusa. He was a man who revered books, a courtly, urbane, immensely knowledgeable nobleman who traveled widely but who, because of his reticence, was little known. His lineage was rich in Sicilian aristocracy. Cardinal Tomasi, who was beatified after his death, was his ancestor, as was Giulio, Duke of Salina, famed in Garibaldi's time, and whose life Lampedusa has recreated in his novel.

"The Leopard" is Lampedusa's only book. He was sixty when he began his task, writing, according to all reports, without hope of publication. Every morning he walked along Palermo's Via Butera to the Caffé Nazzara, where until two in the afternoon he filled the pages with his neat, tiny script. It was to be an ironic tale of his great-grandfather, but more and more of Lampedusa himself crept into the writing. Towards the end, while he labored under the burden of a persistent illness, his own reflections on death became part of his story.

In the spring of 1956, weary and weakened, Lampedusa gave a copy of the unsigned work to a friend who was to find a publisher. The manuscript was forgotten. He himself later sent a copy to Elio Vittorini, the Italian novelist who worked for Einaudi. It was rejected. In 1958, the original manuscript found its way to Feltrinelli, publishers of "Dr. Zhivago." It was accepted immediately. But "The Leopard" was to be a posthumous novel; for Lampedusa success came too late. He died in 1957, long before Feltrinelli had seen his book. This diffident, insular aristocrat never knew of its acceptability nor of the international success with which it was crowned.

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tive. The book may appear at first to be "notes toward" a novel, but on second thought we realize that it has found its uniquely apt formula.

Although the book's *tableaux* are in chronological order—extending from May, 1860, to July, 1883, with a kind of post-mortem epilogue in May, 1910—the author has received his lesson not from conventional historical novels but from a conception of narrative literature patterned on the process of evocation of things past. This establishes a special, subtly appealing connection between the narrator and the hero; the book is both historical and, in a sense, autobiographical. It would be obvious even if we did not know it for certain from the book's Italian discoverer (Mr. Giorgio Bassani, who published it with Feltrinelli of Milan) that the initial idea was to write a memoir of one of the author's ancestors. This subtle connection gives the book its tone. As much as its theme implies the permanence of certain indestructible traits and of the futility of change, equally present is the sense of the ravagings of time and of physical decay and death. The book's most significant and unforgettable images tell of the passage of life—from the soldier's corpse in the garden in the first chapter to the beautifully ghostly finale, which follows by many years the death of the Prince himself. If we remember that the author died shortly after writing this memoir, again the historical and the autobiographical hauntingly mingle. This is the particular, limited, sharply lingering flavor of the book—a lyrical essay rather than a novel. Its fascination comes not only from the explicit, but also from its evocation of a world and a time past.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 880

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 880 will be found in the next issue.

D FGEFZPMT GQ D
NCPQML CBSADRCB
ZCWMLB FGQ
GLRCXXGECLAC.
–ZPDLBCP YDRRFCTQ.

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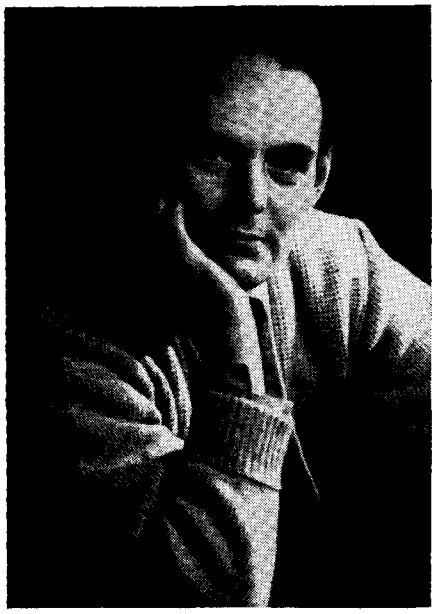
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 879

The only time people dislike gossip is when you gossip about them.

–Will Rogers.

FICTION

Rhapsody in the Northland



Agnar Mykle—"a passionate poet and a naked realist."

"Lasso Round the Moon," by Agnar Mykle; *translated by Maurice Michael (Dutton. 459 pp. $4.95), introduces to American readers a Norwegian novelist whose talents have been enthusiastically hailed in Europe. Ben Ray Redman frequently comments on contemporary literature for SR.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WHEN WE meet Ash Burle, he is boarding a sleeping car in Oslo, Norway, to go home for the first time in twelve years. He is also preparing to conduct a rhapsody of his own composition, entitled "Lasso Round the Moon," immediately after his return to the city. For reasons which readers must discover for themselves he plans to spend only a day in the house of his parents. The year is 1950. A few pages enable us to share Ash's thoughts as the train carries him through the night, but we are not permitted to understand them.

After this opening scene we are taken back to the year 1936, when Ash at the age of twenty is leaving his home in southern Norway to spend a year as principal of a small business school in the north. We are at the beginning of a journey during which we shall come to understand Ash's thoughts on the night train, for we gradually learn of the experiences, the ordeals, the joy, and the suffering that made it possible for him to compose his music.

The little town, called Inner Pool, to which Ash goes to teach lies at the head of a fjord that is reached through a cleft in the "dark, closed, frozen, sterile mountain wall" of the Norwegian coast. He leaves home, like many a young man before him, with the intention of conquering the world. Departing from his father and mother, and his tiresomely affectionate younger brother, he feels like an eagle that has escaped from a cage. But he is not long in Inner Pool before he finds himself trapped in another cage; ensnared by a woman, Gunnhild, a young waitress and a tramp, to whose sexual demands and his own awakened desires he becomes a slave. Gunnhild begins his sexual education and the price that he finally has to pay for her instruction is high; but it is Siv, after he has moved to Outer Pool, who completes his schooling by introducing him to variations of the amatory art of which the simple Gunnhild apparently never dreamed. And it is Siv, a charming, beautiful little woman twice divorced, who teaches him the meaning of love. Here again the price is high, but not because Siv demands it.

The jacket blurb says that Agnar Mykle has been "hailed by critics as 'the most tremendous talent that has appeared on the Nordic scene in years.'" There is no reaso.. to use the limiting word Nordic. Mykle's literary talent is one of the greatest that I have encountered in forty years of reviewing. He is a passionate poet and a naked realist, and he can speak with the organ tones of a prophet. Every page, every sentence one is tempted to say, pulses with life. His knowledge of man's nature is profound, and in the depiction of character he is a sorcerer. His description of sexual acts matches in vividness anything that can be found in American novels, and in one passage he has dared to do what no American novelist has, so far as I know, hazarded. But the descriptions of which I write are integral parts of Mykle's whole design, and it would be a pity if they distracted any reader from the novel's power, beauty, and truth. Maurice Michael's translation can only be assumed to be masterly.

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Intellectuals Among the Ivy

"The Party at Cranton," by John W. Aldridge *(McKay. 184 pp. $3.50), examines the flora and fauna in the world of the literary intelligentsia. Harvey Swados, who teaches at Sarah Lawrence College, is a critic and novelist whose most recent book is "False Coin."*

By Harvey Swados

JOHN ALDRIDGE's "After the Lost Generation" (1951) gained distinction as the first book-length examination of the work of the new wartime and postwar novelists by a sympathetic contemporary. Recently, however, his criticism has become waspish, intent more on stinging than on pollinating. Perhaps this very fact inclines one to take up his first novel with sympathy for the courage, or at least nerve, with which such a critic exposes himself to all who may be presumed to lie in wait —not only his academic colleagues, but the novelists whom he has praised insufficiently, ignored, or attacked.

Cranton is the name of a New England town, a university, and a literary review. The party honors Dorothy Murchison, who is spending a year in Cranton as a lecturer in classical literature, and who "was the author of three definitive works on the literary culture of Greece and Rome, and held all the requisite degrees as well as a high French military decoration for having allowed herself to be parachuted repeatedly into France during the dangerous days of the German occupation." She has also been "well and widely slept with." Richard Waithe (he might better have been called Wraith), one of her former lovers and the man through whose eyes we view Cranton, matches her up with Buchanan, gray eminence of the Cranton intellectuals, and founder of the *Cranton Review*.

Buchanan had been a brilliant poet in his youth, a leader of the Southern agrarians and the Fugitives. With the breakup of his camp he has had a personal breakdown, and draws his exile's satisfaction from bourbon and from the young faculty wives who sit breathless at the feet of this dispenser of publications, grants, fellowships, and promotions. The sexual collision between him and Dorothy ends, as it must, in violence and exhibitionism, with Dorothy disrobing to display her wounds at the hands of Buchanan, whom she charges with being a sadistic, impotent ex-poet.

John Aldridge—"may provide a season's entertainment for graduate students."

These goings-on are observed not only by Waithe (the book is without dialogue, spun out of his reflections and those of his confidants), but also by Miriam Hornblower and Lester Fleischmann, rival campus novelists. "Together they constituted—albeit with ferocious unwillingness—a sort of bicephalous Louella Parsons of the intellectual life." They too are engaged in a love affair in which each attempts, like a mating spider, to disembowel the other, for one is uncertain as to which is the male.

With this novel about novelists writing novels about each other, its author has tried, and tried hard, to best Hornblower and Fleischmann—and their originals, for all these minor monsters have their obvious real-life counterparts —at their own game. An odd ambition for a denouncer of literary teratology. In any case, Mr. Aldridge locates his ghastly campus in American space by describing with some pains the ghastly town of Cranton and its ghastly environs; and here too he gives himself away. For just as he has been gulled into appraising the Hornblowers and Fleischmanns on their own terms, that is, simply with venom and spite, so here he has been taken in by a *Life* magazine view of American Life. "The typical Cranton male . . . was a four-martini, two-car man, father of three and a fraction, an Ivy League college graduate . . ." His wife "still had the figure with which she had been graduated from Radcliffe, and her face was the kind that keeps its youthful contours and tends with time to wrinkle rather than sag . . ." The captions have been changed in this desperately sophisticated attempt at satire, but the photographs remain straight out of *Life* —and the novels Mr. Aldridge has himself attacked.

Although I believe the words love and understanding are used, none of these wicked, unhappy people is seen with anything approaching compassion. Nor can this first novel be regarded even as a courageous failure, for Mr. Aldridge has covered himself by polemicizing unremittingly against just those who would be expected to mock at his fiction. It may provide a season's entertainment for graduate students and those palpitating on the fringes of the literary world, but it can only be regarded by others as a profoundly depressing performance, distinguished only by the lack of moral distance between the author and those whom he professes to scorn.

PILLSBURY'S BEST: Here's a recipe for that very tasty dish called "best-seller" as gleaned from the pages of **"Chautauqua"** (Putnam, $3.95), written by Day Keene and Dwight Vincent:

Take one whole town in the year 1921—let's call it Radford Center, Iowa —and slice off the top to get at the following juicy ingredients: 1 ex-chorus girl turned prostitute; 1 cuckolded husband dying of tuberculosis; 1 adorable child, dimpling away under the cloud of her mother's reputation; 2 middle-aged lovers separated for years by the memory of a disastrous affair; 1 nymphomaniac; 1 young man back from the wars with a head full of nonsense about the future of flying machines.

Carefully drain off all character development and substitute such flavorsome clichés as Mother Love and Heart-of-Gold for the prostitute, Self-sacrifice and Forgiveness for the cuckolded husband—and any other handy chestnuts. Season to taste with as many frigid females and oversexed males as the plot will hold.

Let everyone stew for awhile, then baste the town with 1 tent Chautauqua for color and excitement. Stir all the ingredients together as rapidly as possible, bake under a hot summer sun of heat-wave proportions and wait for the crust to break open. Garnish with a sprig of attempted rape and a pinch

(*Continued on page* 37)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Rise and Fall of a Rascal

"The Roguish World of Doctor Brinkley," by Gerald Carson *(Rinehart. 280 pp. $4.95), depicts the nimble-witted Ponce de León of the Thirties, the memory of whose rascality is vivid to erstwhile magazine editor Ken W. Purdy.*

By Ken W. Purdy

"CENTURIES to come may never produce again such blatancy, such fertility of imagination or such ego." So ran the considered judgment of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* Morris Fishbein, M.D., editor, on Dr. John R. Brinkley of Arkansas, Kansas, and Texas in 1933. The AMA's estimate of probabilities was inexact; even the next two decades were enlivened by personalities more persuasive, paranoias more fully developed. Still, viewed in his chosen field, "Doctor," as he liked to be called, nearly merited the distinction the AMA tried to grant him. He was the king of quacks, perhaps the foremost medical rogue of all time. He made $12,000,000 out of man's ancient wish to restore to old age the virility of youth. His method was simple, outrageous, wholly ineffective, and Homerically funny: the surgical transfer of goats' gonads to his patients. Six thousand purebred, odor-free Tannenbergs were castrated in Brinkley's service.

Gerald Carson, whose skill in this area needs no reappraisal, has laid down a superior biography of Brinkley. It is fully researched, lively, balanced, honest: there is not even one "made up" quotation in the book. Carson understands the root fascination of such as Brinkley: possession of most of the elements of greatness. Brinkley was essentially uneducated (his various doctorates were issued by fly-by-night eclectic schools) but he had superior intelligence, originality, drive, purposefulness, persistence, courage. He might have contributed to the world, save for one quirk: fraud fatally attracted him.

The gullibility of the men who came to Brinkley's operating tables is astonishing only at first glance. True, frequently they insisted over the objections of trusted family physicians, friends, relatives, and in the face of every clear indication of quackery, including the sliding scale of prices. (Brinkley's range ran from diagnosis by mail for a dollar or two to implantation of human testicular material for $5,000.) But Brinkley was something of an innovator. His position was analogous to that of a warmaker who invents a new weapons system and prevails for a time, while a defense is being erected. For example, Brinkley was one of the first advertising men to understand the power of radio. His XERA, just across the Rio Grande from Del Rio, Texas, threw a 500,000-watt signal, occasionally with the force of 1,000,000 watts. It was heard in northern Canada and mid-Atlantic; it blew standard U.S. stations off the air; in some areas its signal was so strong that telephones received it.

All during the day, but particularly late at night, when the old are often sleepless and alone, Brinkley spoke over this instrument. His voice was strong, confident, and infinitely reassuring. If God spared him, his listeners felt, he would fight "the interests" to the last blow in his effort to bring to suffering humanity his unique discoveries. People sent their money; they came to him.

Brinkley made one of the earliest uses of the private political pollster, now standard in every candidate's armorarium, when in 1932 he contested the governorship of Kansas with Alfred Landon and Harry Woodring. He sent hired detectives around the state to sound opinion "in filling stations, cheap hotels, bakeries and things like that—just visiting around." Despite this enterprise, and the pioneering use of sound-trucks and recorded speeches, Brinkley lost—narrowly. Landon won with 278,581 votes, but 244,607 qualified electors had seen in Doctor the salvation of the state. It was the charlatan's second unsuccessful assault on the office.

He was a rich man in the 1930s. His income sometimes ran over $50,000 a week. He had a 150-foot yacht, carrying a crew of twenty, and a dozen-odd Cadillacs. He glittered with diamonds. Having made himself wealthy, he believed he must be wise. He felt that his country needed him. His orientation was that of Gerald Winrod, Fritz Kuhn, Father Coughlin, and the others who bayed across the land in that pack. He believed that 1940 might take him to the White House. It was not to be. Seeds long sown were ready for harvest. The weight of law, criminal and civil, came down upon him. His health broke and in 1942 he died.

Brinkley's life makes a demagogues' textbook. It should at least be noted by the rest of us.

—From the book.

Cartoon from *The Kansas City Star* celebrating the revocation of Brinkley's license to practise medicine in Kansas. *The Star* played an important part in the build-up to the Medical Board hearings, as well as the cancellation in the same year—1930—of Doctor's radio wave length, by which he had lured thousands of "patients."

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Word Business

"This Is Where I Came In," by Edward Anthony *(Doubleday. 376 pp. $4.50), reminisces about the author's life as editor, political tub-thumper, poet, writer, and friend to a multitude of New Yorkers—among them, Quentin Reynolds, who shared with Mr. Anthony many of the experiences recounted in the book.*

By Quentin Reynolds

"AFTER more than forty years in the literary world," this book's jacket blurb states, "Edward Anthony has written this fun-filled and friend-filled autobiography—an engaging, informal book about a colorful period in literary history by one who was in the middle of it." That in capsule form perfectly describes this lively story of the life and times of Ed Anthony. It deserves a place alongside Moss Hart's "Act One." Actually Hart and Anthony are much alike. Both are modest men, both are first-rate writers, and both emerged from the same New York asphalt jungles. The world of the theatre as described by Hart has a close kinship to the world of magazine writing and publishing as described by Ed Anthony.

Anthony is a man of varied talents. He began life as a drugstore delivery boy, became a ghost verse writer for a party-giving bachelor, got himself a job as a cub reporter on the *Bridgeport Herald*—and then he was off. He wound up as publisher of both *Collier's Weekly* and *Woman's Home Companion* but in between managed to write a musical with the help of George M. Cohan and Victor Herbert, run the New York end of Herbert Hoover's Presidential publicity campaign in 1928, collaborate with Frank Buck and Clyde Beatty in turning out best-sellers, write half a dozen juveniles, as many books of humorous poetry, and conduct newspaper columns on books and sports.

During his colorful adult life he met and became friendly with everyone from General MacArthur to Hopalong Cassidy, from Marlene Dietrich to Amy Lowell, and all provided anecdotes that illuminate this book. Ed Anthony has always been the professional writer with respect for his craft but with no illusions about it. He could ghost-write a speech for some political bigwig in the morning, spend the afternoon writing humorous verse, turn out publicity releases at night for *Collier's* or the *Woman's Home Companion*, and wind up the day doing a book review.

Edward Anthony—"a man of varied talents."

He tackled all of these chores with the casual competence of Ted Williams in his prime approaching the plate with a bat in his hand. Anthony insists that what he calls the "Word Business" was always incidental to him. "This Is Where I Came In" is a complete refutation of his estimate of his importance as a writer.

Anthony, I am sure, did not intend to make his chapter on how he successfully tried to make Herbert Hoover palatable to the taste of the American voter (he calls it "Life in a Political Madhouse") rather bitter satire but that's how it turns out. Advertising agencies didn't have as much control over political campaigns then as they do now but, obviously, the national director of publicity (Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas) and associates like Ed Anthony did. Anthony doesn't make the claim but there is no doubt that this Woodrow Wilson Democrat had a lot to do with the election of Mr. Hoover.

There are hilarious chapters about his adventures with the late W. C. Fields and his experiences in Hollywood, and he shares tender memories of the then dying Christy Mathewson. There are fascinating chapters on what happens behind the scenes of a great national magazine and endless anecdotes about the foibles of writers and professional ball players and publishers and politicians. There isn't a dull page in "This Is Where I Came In" because there hasn't been a dull page in the life of Ed Anthony.

BRITISH BUT NOT A BRITON: A native of British Guiana furthering his education abroad, E. R. Braithwaite found himself in England when World War II began. Because he admired the British way of life, which to him as to many from Nigeria, the West Indies, Honduras, and the like stood "for all that is best in both Christian and Democratic terms," he joined the Royal Air Force.

His disenchantment with Britain, when it came, was not due, however, to his six years of dangerous service but to the racial harrowing he was subjected to after demobilization. Again and again his black skin, almost forgotten at Armageddon, militated against him. He could not secure the engineering work for which he was fit and it was just as impossible for him to get something else. His very personableness (he was well spoken and well dressed) stood in the way.

Some chance advice from a stranger finally saved him from despair. Qualifying as a teacher, he was duly appointed to Greenslade, a school in London's slummy East End. The superscription on a farewell gift from his class provides the title for **"To Sir, With Love"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), which is primarily an account of his eight months of professional life.

For all its warm, uninhibited documentation it is not a literary piece of work. The author's characterizations of staff members, to pick on a highly symptomatic detail, are identifications of stock personalities rather than probings of particular natures.

Nor, in the main, are Mr. Braithwaite's experiences with his eventually cherished youngsters new. Episodes like his slugging it out with Denham, his concern over Fernham's wielding of a knife, his interest in Pamela, who had a crush on him, have their parallels in volumes other teachers have written. Moreover, the instructional techniques employed are not unique. The tempering of subject matter and the personalizing of exhortation have been indicated procedures ever since the difficult and the disturbed became fixtures in our schools.

What nevertheless makes Mr. Braithwaite's reportage special is the emphasis it gets from the fact that he is a Negro who is also a colonial, that is, "British, but evidently not a Briton," to use his own wry phrase. It is an emphasis as ascertainable in the presentation of Gillian Blanchard, his white wife to be, as it is in the gimmick of having East Enders address each other, and him too, with formality.

The point is that in identifying himself with the English Mr. Braithwaite has taken over, among other things, their fundamental belief in human dignity. This crops up in one connection or another throughout the book and it comes to its inevitable sociological extension in the suggestion that "interracial unity" is a must these days and should be practised in one's neighborhood to start with, and elsewhere next.

—MAX COSMAN.

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JUDICIARY

Four Briefs on the U.S. Supreme Court

Since the Civil War the Supreme Court has played an increasingly powerful role in the life of the nation. The fact that its decisions affect all citizens is sufficient to make the nature of its power, and the desirable limits, if any, of its exercise, everybody's concern. This is all the more true at a time when the Highest Tribunal itself is profoundly divided over its function in a democracy. Four recent books attempt to establish the locus of law and the Supreme Court today: ***"The People and the Court," by Charles L. Black, Jr.*** *(Macmillan. 238 pp. $3.75);* ***"Law as Large as Life: A Natural Law for Today and the Supreme Court as Its Prophet," by Charles P. Curtis*** *(Simon & Schuster. 211 pp. $3.50);* ***"The Supreme Court in a Free Society," by Alpheus T. Mason and William M. Beaney*** *(Prentice-Hall. 346 pp. $6.50), and* ***"The Complexity of Legal and Ethical Experience," by F. S. C. Northrop*** *(Little, Brown. 331 pp. $6). The studies are scrutinized in turn by Sidney Hook, head of the All-University Department of Philosophy at New York University; Alan F. Westin, associate professor of government at Columbia; John R. Schmidhauser, assistant professor of political science, State University of Iowa; and Mark deW. Howe, editor of "Readings in American Legal History."*

1. Carte-Blanche Legislative Authority

By Sidney Hook

AS RECENT trends and decisions on the part of the Supreme Court indicate, the subject of judicial review is one of enormous complexity. It requires a judicious approach and temper to unravel the tangled complex of historical and logical issues involved. Unfortunately, "The People and the Court" neither in substance nor in manner meets this requirement. For it is essentially a lawyer's brief.

The difference between a legal brief and a genuine piece of reasoned or scientific inquiry is that a brief begins with a fixed assumption of the validity of an antecedently held conclusion. It marshals all the evidence and arguments it can find to support that conclusion and disregards or discounts relevant evidence and arguments for alternative positions. If Charles L. Black, Jr., were justified in his passionate strictures against the view that the Supreme Court, as a coordinate branch of the Federal Government, must exercise great and constant restraint in nullifying acts of Congress (which is also sworn to uphold the Constitution), it would follow that a long line of distinguished thinkers from Thomas Jefferson to Justices Holmes, Hand, and Frankfurter had absolutely no understanding of what the American Constitution and system of government meant; and even more, that if their views were given effect, it would destroy the pillars of our political society as we know it. In a sense such extremism defeats itself, for many readers will regard it as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Professor Black's position.

Nonetheless even a partisan account, however suspicious we may be of it, may be valid. It is necessary therefore to examine Professor Black's account in its own terms.

There are four important lines of argument pursued in this book. The first may be called the argument from legitimacy. The author contends that the function of the Supreme Court is not merely to veto or invalidate Congressional legislation which appears to it unconstitutional, but to validate or legitimize laws. This is its "prime and most necessary function." The argument leads to a curious consequence. The overwhelming majority of laws never even reach the Supreme Court. They have *not* been validated in Mr. Black's sense. Does that mean they are less valid, less legitimate as part of the living law of the land, or in the eyes of the people? It is one thing to say that Congress may pass whatever legislation seems wise and desirable to it except what a transient majority of Supreme Court Justices forbids as unconstitutional. This is the conventional position made familiar by John Marshall. It is quite another to imply that legitimacy or validity is attached only to those laws of Congress which the Court upholds. This is the wildest claim ever made for the Court in American history.

As Mr. Black himself insists, it goes beyond the view that the Court is and should be a "check" on other departments of the government. It is a formidable task to defend the latter view without saddling oneself with an impossible position. After all, it is hardly disputable that the laws which the Supreme Court invalidated in the Dred Scott, Civil Rights, and New Deal cases had far more legitimacy in the eyes of the people than the Supreme Court decisions which outraged the moral conscience of the nation.

The second line of argument is historical; and here Mr. Black is on his strongest ground. He has little difficulty in showing that the Court has successfully nullified Congressional legislation, and that debates over judicial usurpation have ceased. He even deplores some of the nullifications but regards these as small costs to pay for the institution of judicial review, despite the fact that the Dred Scott decision had to be recalled by a Civil War and that the invalidation of the Civil Rights cases in 1883 set back the cause of desegregation for almost three-quarters of a century. But the historical fact that the power of judicial review of Congressional action has survived does not by itself determine whether that power should be strengthened or weakened. That is the main political and moral issue.

Professor Black's third main argument arises from the attempt to meet

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the criticism that as the American Government functions today, its branches are not coordinate with each other but that the Legislature and Executive are really subordinate to the Supreme Court. Whether one approves of this relation or not, it is demonstrable that it holds as a fact of logical structure. Congress and President check each other and both are responsible to the electorate. The Supreme Court can check Congress and/or the Executive and is not responsible to the electorate. There is, to be sure, the process of Constitutional amendment. But even if one does not altogether agree with Morris R. Cohen in his devastating critique of the whole conception of judicial review under which the Court can read any meaning it pleases into any amendment (*vide* what it did to the Eleventh and Fourteenth amendments), it still remains true that since a minority of states can prevent passage of a Constitutional amendment, this gives the Court a disproportionate power over the other branches of government, which in effect makes it a superior legislative body as well.

This brings us to Professor Black's fourth line of argument, which is that there is nothing inconsistent with political democracy in the Court's power to nullify the laws passed by those who are responsible to the people. He offers several reasons for this belief, one of them that the people really want the Court to have this power. And how does he know this? By the simple fact that the power has sustained itself. Logically this is worthless as an argument and would justify the claim that every abuse enjoys popular support: otherwise it would have been abolished. This type of apologetics has been used in the past to fictionalize popular support for the worst tyrannies.

Here again we must distinguish between the facts and our evaluation of them. A democracy may exist either with or, as in England, without the power of the Court to nullify legislative authority. The question is whether or not *the particular feature of judicial review* is democratic and whether a government is more or less democratic when it is present. The question is *not* whether this feature makes a government morally better or more efficient. A politically democratic government is not necessarily a morally better one.

Space does not permit proper exploration of the argument. But the level of Professor Black's discussion may be inferred from the fact that part of his case for the democratic nature of judicial review rests on his contention that the Justices are subjected to an inexorable control even though they sit for life on the bench. They are controlled by death! This is a macabre irrelevancy. Death may strike down a Justice. It does not strike down his decision. Death may strike down the bloodiest of tyrants. That does not make it an instrument of democratic control—for, unfortunately, Death is no respector of democrats either.

The weakness of Professor Black's position, which logically gives the court *carte blanche* to set aside any Congressional legislation that is challenged before it, does not by itself establish the validity of the view he is arguing against. But one thing seems clear. Even if judicial review is regarded as necessary or desirable, so long as the concept of democracy entails the notion of consent and control by the governed, to speak of the democratic character of judicial review is to perpetrate unnecessary semantic confusion.

Professor Black has done a disservice to his own position by the violently partisan spirit with which he has defended it.

2. *An Evolving Body of Basic Beliefs*

By Alan F. Westin

SINCE the mid-1950s, a lively national conversation has been under way concerning the proper role for the Supreme Court in American government. Like the conversation of the 1930s, the entrance of the Court into popular attention has been occasioned by the pinch of the Court's fingers on the stately rumps of the majority-will institutions of our political system—Congress, the Presidency, and the states—and almost as directly upon the groups whose interests were being served at the moment by those institutions. Whether the Court should have its hand slapped for impertinence or held high as a symbol of tyranny-tweaking is the heart of the debate, as it has been since the era of the Chief Justice whom Jefferson angrily branded as "Black Jack" Marshall.

In "Law as Large as Life," the late Charles P. Curtis, a practising lawyer and *littérateur* from Boston and the author of "Lions Under the Throne," an urbane earlier essay on judicial review, contributes to this conversation in the elegant phrases that he spun so well. Half of Curtis's book is an argument that there is and must be a natural law to govern American politics. This is neither the religious standard of a St. Thomas nor the rationalist variety of a Jefferson, but rather an ever-evolving body of basic beliefs which are "common knowledge," as well perceived by the ploughman as the professor, the jury as the judge. In a perceptive sampling of cases involving state criminal procedure, cruel and unusual punishment, naturalization of aliens, racial segregation, and state jurisdiction over persons in civil affairs, Curtis shows that the "fallout of natural law" showers all of the great questions of Constitutional law and dominates the intra-Court debates. We have a natural law standard, Curtis concluded, because we cannot live in liberty-under-law without one.

If natural law needs a prophet, however, Curtis felt that it should not be the Supreme Court but Congress. Congress should exercise its power under grants such as the Fourteenth Amendment and the Commerce Clause and cease leaving so many issues to the Justices. Congress should have struck down racial segregation in the schools. Congress should eliminate cruel treatment by state officials of arrested persons by adopting as a rule binding on the states the American Law Institute's Model Code covering police detentions. Congress should state more clearly which types of interstate commercial activities can be taxed or regulated by various states and which require one national rule. Curtis would transfer to Congress the responsibility for providing the moral fervor which Supreme Court rulings on civil liberty now give the nation—similar to the "moral fervor of the 39th Congress," which enacted the great guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment.

In his discussion of the judiciary, Curtis gives a fine performance, contributing insights which make his pages admirable. But it is often true that someone with a complete grasp of the strengths and weaknesses of one institution can endorse, as its replacement, an institution that he trusts greatly because he does not know it as well. The sad fact is that Curtis does not display in this book very much understanding of why Congress has not done what he wished it to in the past and why it could not be expected to do so.

Congress did not strike down segregation because the system of elections and intra-Congressional organization placed Congress under the control (or at the very least, under the veto power) of a Southern Democratic-"states-rights" Republican coalition. To expect a Congress of the 1940s, or of the 1960s, to be the Congress of 1868 (which buttressed its "moral fervor" with the goals of defending Northern industrial expansion and tying Negro voters to

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the GOP) overlooks how atypical of Congress the one-party Reconstruction Era was. Nor will Congress lay down a code of criminal procedure, as Curtis desired; sympathy in Congress runs far more to the "beleaguered" prosecutor than to prisoners, and there is a pervasive "states-rights" ideology within Congress on this issue.

In short, contrary to Curtis's assumptions, Congress is the most susceptible of our three national institutions to the antilibertarian urges of our population; "moral fervor" in Congress runs more to harsh internal-security programs than to enlargements of freedom; nothing in the legislator's training or Congressional role prepares him to act as a prophet of a "modern natural law"; and if someone beside the Court is to be our prophet, twentieth-century realities have bestowed that role on the President, who has already achieved *legislative* supremacy in the Government.

Undoubtedly, Curtis, whose tragic accidental death took place late last December, would have had pungent replies to make to these comments. But his book contains much on the judiciary, virtually nothing in detail on Congress, and concludes that we should trust to Congress and not the Courts. Yet in other places, Curtis wrote that he would have the Court defend the "democratic process" even against Congressional enactments. And he concluded by bestowing on the Court the mantle of "minor prophet." I think that most careful readers will be left confused by this backing and filling, despite the incisiveness of individual comments and the high literary charm of the book.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Daumier drawing of a courtroom procedure.

3. *Keeping in Tempo with the Times*

By John R. Schmidhauser

IN THE years since *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the Warren Court has endured not only the violent attacks of its avowed enemies but the heavy-handed ministrations of its academic friends. The fashion for playing like a Justice was set many years ago by men possessing the intellectual sensitivity and rapierlike wit of the late Thomas Reed Powell. In recent years the New Scholasticism decrees that among legal commentators Everyman may be a Justice. One suspects that there have been fleeting moments when the weary members of the Warren Court have preferred the wild swings of Senators Eastland and Jenner to the ostensibly helpful scholastic attempts at teaching the Justices how to write "neutral" opinions in cases involving highly combustible social issues. It is indeed refreshing to discover that Alpheus T. Mason and William M. Beaney have eschewed such a role.

In addition to the virtue of academic self-restraint, "The Supreme Court in a Free Society" possesses a number of positive attributes which mark it as a notable analytical contribution. The authors set themselves the task of appraising the contemporary role of the Warren Court in the context of the historical evolution of the judicial power in America. Focusing their attention upon the historic eras in which Federal judicial authority was subjected to the greatest stresses, they created a concise and realistic conception of the interplay of the factors at work in American society which have influenced Constitutional interpretation. In this connection the work effectively combines an historical account of the development of interpretative doctrine with an appraisal of the shifts in theoretical viewpoints concerning the modes of rendering decisions. For example, the authors make abundantly clear that controversy over whether judges "make" or "discover" law has often been intimately related to clashes over substantive interpretation.

As a vehicle of Constitutional history, "The Supreme Court in a Free Society" embodies a modern appraisal based on the discriminating use of the contributions of men like Edward Corwin, Herman Pritchett, Carl Swisher, and Benjamin Twiss, as well as the substantial earlier works in judicial biography and doctrinal interpretation of the authors. Despite the fact that developmental analysis is undertaken primarily to provide a meaningful frame of reference for contemporary evaluation of the Warren Court, the tasks of historical interpretation are taken quite seriously. To be sure, one might argue that while the contention that "Roger Brooke Taney . . . redefined federalism in terms more favorable to state power and so as to enhance the role of the judiciary" is basically sound, it is subject to serious and important qualifications. But here, as in a few additional instances, the differences in emphasis relate to questions which have divided scholars in the field for many years. The single occasion in which the authors make an historical slip is in their passing reference to Benjamin Curtis as the Justice who "fashioned a new formula" in the Cooley decision. While Curtis undoubtedly deserves credit for what very likely was a decisive role as mediator in conference, Justice Levi Woodbury, several years earlier, had stated the doctrine which was ultimately adopted in Cooley.

Perhaps a true measure of the sensitivity that the authors brought to the task is provided by their treatment of the evolutionary changes in the judicial issues of substantive due process. Their discussion of the origins of the substantive as distinguished from the traditional procedural applications of due process serve, on one hand, as a corrective to the frequently held notion that the invention of legal doctrine is largely the contribution of the national Supreme Court. Drawing upon the classic articles of Corwin, the relation-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Stroll on the American Campus

HOW MUCH can a person tell about the present American college generation on the basis of a dozen or more visits to various campuses in the past few months? Obviously, not enough to serve as the basis for any pronouncements. But some generalizations seem strong enough to warrant examination. Herewith, then, some notebook jottings.

The distance between the interested and the disinterested, between the intellectually curious and the routine, between the concerned and the detached, has seldom been greater. Those who care seem to care all the way. They follow national and world affairs with genuine concern; they seem to be able to distinguish between good and poor sources of information; they know how and what to read. They know the art of hot pursuit so far as visiting lecturers are concerned; they don't let up either on their questions or their own answers. They seem alert, alive, responsible. But the melancholy fact is that they tend to be few in number, very few, and the drop to the others is almost precipitous.

There seems substantial agreement among faculty members that most of the students today take a mechanistic view of college. The purpose seems to be to get out of school as uneventfully and expeditiously as possible, rather than to get out of it the most that is possible. A professor who has a one-point course had better not give extended writing or reading assignments in the hope that a student may feel this is what a college education means. In the cold-blooded economy of present attitudes, it takes three points to warrant serious effort.

Not that the quality of the work itself is necessarily poorer than it used to be. It is just that good grades are considered in a purely utilitarian context; they can lead to graduation and good jobs. The educative content of the course itself is not too important. Serious discussions tend toward the starkly practical: how can a student line himself up for the highest possible salary and the job with the best prospects?

EVEN social life on the campus seems on the decline. Present-day high school seems to anticipate so much of the old extracurricular excitement of college that the students seem spent by the time they arrive. The importance attached to high school sports, the glamour of lower-grade proms, the competitive effort put into school newspapers and yearbooks—all these are so highly developed in secondary school that they seem somewhat anticlimactic in college. Even in the business of drinking, students come to college well initiated. Here, however, there seems to be no perceptible diminution of enthusiasm for increasing one's personal capacity during college years.

The picture as a whole seems sufficiently discouraging to some faculty members to cause them to think seriously about leaving education altogether. The fun and sense of intellectual adventure in working with young minds have lost much of their sparkle.

On an entirely different matter:—

In talking to off-campus people about higher education, I found that most of the concern was directed not to attitudes of students but to competitive issues related to the Soviet Union; in particular, the role of the university in supplying enough scientists to give us eventual scientific supremacy.

There can be little question that our universities have had a substantial expansion in science courses. But I am not sure that this increase in emphasis is resulting in a proportionate increase in creative scientists; that is, scientists who know how to work with theory and who are capable of fresh conceptual thought. The impression I have is that we are turning out good technicians and engineers, but not necessarily original thinkers who have an urge to probe on the frontiers of scientific progress.

Even more disturbing, perhaps, was an attitude I detected here and there on campuses of schools of technology. The laboratory and everything that happened in it was sovereign. The liberal arts are taught but are more tolerated than pursued. Questions concerning human purpose and the making of a better life seem to be regarded as extraneous and rather sentimental.

At one school, where I spoke about the need for personal commitment in the making of a safer and better world, a student came up afterwards and expressed his distaste for what he had just heard. He said his scientific training had taught him to look for proof; but that he had listened carefully and had come to the conclusion that I hadn't proved anything I had said.

I thanked the young man for his comment and agreed with him that my propositions contained no proof and that, indeed, it was doubtful whether they could be proved at all in advance of the event. I pointed out, however, that one definition of a good education was that it enabled a man to develop values that were worth holding even without proof. Indeed, we might have to bet our lives on some propositions that could not be proved except by history.

The student replied by saying that he didn't doubt my sincerity but that he still felt there was a big gap between his scientific training and the things I had asked him to believe.

I have no way of knowing whether the student was typical. I do know, however, that there does seem to be a resistance to ideas among many of the young people in science today. This fact, if fact it be, adds to my concern about higher education in America today. It also increases my appreciation of those students, however few, who seem connected and concerned.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SUPPORT FOR THE LAPINS

READERS WHO have followed the story of the Ravensbrueck Lapins may be interested to know that the recent *SR* editorial "An Open Lettter to the German People" [Feb. 13] was reprinted in full in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* together with editorial comment to the effect that the German people have an obligation to see that settlement of the Lapins' claims is made without further delay. Several members of the Bundestag have also indicated their concern and interest in pursuing swift and just settlement.

Another heartening development was the recent donation by the Pfizer Company of $8,000 worth of medicine to Lapins in Poland. Henceforth, the Pfizer Company informs us, any products manufactured by the company will be made available to the Lapins when needed, at no cost.

CAROLINE FERRIDAY.

New York, N. Y.

LITERATURE AND THE RUSSIANS

THE MOST DEPRESSING and frightening aspect of Alexander Chakovsky's enlightening report on Soviet writing [*SR*, Apr. 2] is the extreme childishness exhibited in the discussion of Boris Pasternak's masterpiece. Childish indeed is the attitude revealed by the statement that the Russians "do not want to publish 'Doctor Zhivago.'" Only immature mentalities believe that things can be made different by ignoring them.

It is disturbing to realize that the Russions do not believe that the very characteristics Chakovsky admits exist in Pasternak's novel—"Olympian detachment and epical placidity"—are the rarest and most to be cherished and cultivated of human qualities. One of Pasternak's most moving observations is that what destroys the hope of attaining these qualities denies man his highest hope. What makes "Doctor Zhivago" intolerable to the hobbled mind is Pasternak's dispassionate exposure that the Russians still deny themselves many things in the name of a goal that is not "great," but stultifyingly second-rate. It is hard but often necessary to realize that the dead do die and the living struggle in vain when death and sacrifice are the bitter fruit of ignorant and hysterical superstition.

Chakovsky's attempt to justify the Russian psychosis by drawing an analogy with post-revolutionary attitudes in the United States simply doesn't work. Writers did point out that "pre-revolutionary culture had been vilified by the American Revolution" and that "the intelligentsia had become extinct." Within a generation of the Revolution, one of our most revered writers, Washington Irving, was nostalgically extolling the charms of British culture, and only a few years later in books like "Home as Found," one of our most highly praised authors, James Fenimore Cooper, was vigorously condemning the whole accomplishment of independent American democracy.

"Pardon me, but I couldn t help but overhear your remark about man's inhumanity to man."

Americans did despise Cooper for what he said; but they did not suppress his books, they did not deny him foreign honors, there was no talk from influential sources of intimidating him into silence.

The point is that post-revolutionary Americans had a serene yet dynamic faith in their destiny that enabled them to laugh off opponents; that the Russians lack this ability to brush aside rather than exterminate suggests how happy that land really is.

Before one draws comparisons between post-revolutionary Russia and the post-revolutionary United States he should contemplate the comparative relations between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson on the one hand, and Stalin and Trotsky on the other. Bitter opponents for power during their earlier lives, in their later days Jefferson sent Adams philosophical letters; Stalin sent Trotsky an assassin.

WARREN G. FRENCH,
Assistant Professor of English,
University of Florida.

Gainesville, Fla.

LEST THE READERS of *SR* be misled by Mr. Chakovsky's piece on Russian writing, I should like to report that many American publishing houses are constantly searching the works of modern Russian writers in the hope of finding something that will satisfy the American literary taste and therefore be salable and commercially feasible. This is being done without any intent of censorship, but only with the thought that our readers must like and be willing to buy the books. Frankly, the pickings are very slim.

There is one other factor that discourages the American publisher from undertaking the translation and publication of Soviet literature. This is the question of copyright. Since there is no copyright in the Soviet Union and since that country is not a signatory to the Universal Copyright Convention, there is no protection for the publisher who invests in the publication of a translation. A publisher might well find on the day he publishes a Soviet title in translation that a competitor has translated and published the same book. As a matter of fact, the Soviets themselves might translate the book and export it to this counry. This is known to have happened.

For the past two years a committee of publishers has worked with representatives of the Soviet publishing industry in an effort to overcome some of these problems. Progress, if any, has been slight; but until the basic copyright issue is settled, the Soviet Union cannot look forward to any enthusiastic translation program on the part of American publishers.

EDWARD E. BOOHER,
McGraw-Hill Book Co.

New York, N. Y.

MENTAL BLOCH?

IN HIS REVIEW of Sir Pierson Dixon's "Farewell, Catullus" [*SR*, Apr. 9] Robert Payne attributes the "magnificent and too little read 'Death of Virgil'" to Ernest Bloch. Its author is of course the late Hermann Broch.

DIANA GUIRAGOSSIAN.

New York, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Sellers Market

NOW THAT it's officially settled that "Ben-Hur" is the greatest movie of our time, that Charles Heston is our finest actor, that William Wyler is our best director, and that the script of "Pillow Talk" has more stature than the script of "Wild Strawberries," you may be in the mood to escape from the cozy dreamworld that Hollywood attempts to sell us each year, and see a biting, uproarious British comedy called **"I'm All Right, Jack,"** which, in the process of alienating just about everyone by mocking a few dozen sacred cows, manages only to tickle, charm, and delight. This Boulting Brothers film, which deals with the adventures of an addled upper-class young Englishman in British industry, has already, so it has been said, affected the last British election, largely through its satire on trade unionism. It seems that vast numbers of Britons took the movie to heart, relishing the shafts tossed at work stoppages, wildcat strikes, and labor union officials who speak in stolid clichés. But why the Conservatives should have escaped damage is a mystery, since the bosses, management, No. 10 Downing Street, and even the BBC are bludgeoned thoroughly, too.

Here, relatively immune from the British political swirl, it is possible merely to relish a vastly entertaining story about an enthusiastic young man, used as a pawn by the directorate of a firm called Missiles, Inc., who can't see why crate-loading shouldn't be done at a brisk clip, especially since the gadget used to facilitate the task is remarkably efficient as well as simple to operate. This attitude speedily gets him into difficulties with his fellow workers and with management. His union card taken away from him, he manfully shows up for work each day in the plant, now abandoned because of a strike called over his case. Public figures make statements. The Transport Union, naturally, goes out in sympathy. Ships lie idle at the docks. But there is more than this: there is romance, too.

And such romance. The young nonconformist has taken to living at the home of the shop steward, who has a daughter, a big, blonde, doughy girl who is a spindle-polisher at the plant. "Are those your real teeth?" she asks the young man after their first kiss, which occurs in his little bubble car parked near a rubbish dump. "What's he talking about?" she asks, during a speech to the unionists made by a director. "Commercial foreign intercourse," she is told, and, thrilled, she anxiously awaits the spicy revelations she is sure will follow. As the girl, Liz Fraser is an example of inspired casting. But there is no one who does not give his all to the venomous frolic: Ian Carmichael as the continually astonished hero, Terry-Thomas as the representative of management, Dennis Price as the director of the firm, Margaret Rutherford as the hero's valiantly upper-class aunt, and—I'm afraid we must say outstandingly—Peter Sellers as the shop steward who recommends Marx and Engels as light reading, and abhors time-and-motion studies.

A word for Mr. Sellers, who in the past few years has become one of England's most important stars. Only thirty-five, he plays roles ranging in age from thirty to ninety, is a magnificently funny man, a consummate actor who submerges himself thoroughly in each of his parts, and tools every word and gesture with delicacy and precision. Yet, unlike some of our egomaniac Hollywood comedians, he leaves breathing space for other actors. He has modesty, taste, and intelligence. An enormous range of expression crosses a face that is seemingly deadpan. See him in "I'm All Right, Jack." See the movie, thank your lucky stars for the Boulting Brothers, for the mood of irreverence that has swept from Britain's novels and plays into its movie-making.

YOUR APPETITE whetted, you may well wish to see Peter Sellers in something else. Due soon at arthouses is **"Man in a Cocked Hat,"** somewhat of a misfire as comedy, but with Sellers and the madly agreeable Terry-Thomas attempting to straighten out the affairs of a small island colony, forgotten about by the British Foreign Office. And, for another accomplished character study, there is again Peter Sellers in **"The Battle of the Sexes,"** a British version of James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat," the scene transferred to Scotland, with Sellers, as the business manager of a woolens firm, outwitting an American woman efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings provide noble support, Charles Crichton's direction is expertly sly, but the story gets a little thin and runny when stretched out to full feature length. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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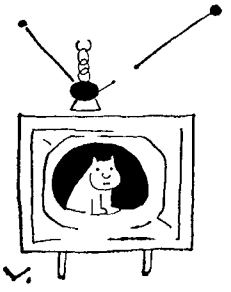
TV AND RADIO

Twice Damned

THE ASSORTED sponsors who picked up the tab for a recent "Playhouse 90" on CBS-TV must have reflected grimly on some ironies in the public's response to "Alas, Babylon," the television adaptation by David Shaw of Pat Frank's novel of the same title. One newspaper critic reported that within thirty minutes after the finish of the harrowing fantasy, which dealt with an all-out nuclear attack on the United States, the CBS telephone operators in New York received between 250 and 350 calls from viewers, 95 per cent of them objecting to the presentation of the drama at a time when disarmament talks were being held at Geneva. Another critic counted it "unforgivable" that the enemy nation in the play, which swapped missiles almost simultaneously with the U.S., was identified as Soviet Russia. I do not share the views of these complainers.

A major criticism of the mass media (particularly television) is that, as one observer has put it, they generally tend to concoct as much fantasy as possible out of as little reality as possible. The sponsors and the networks are under continual attack for confronting no issues, for abstracting individual troubles out of their social contexts, and for muting the sound of discord into an affable, amiable tinkle of false harmony. I am not suggesting that the theme of "Alas, Babylon" ruffled any group or any individual prejudices which would work to a sponsor's disadvantage. The coming of World War III, like sin, finds everyone against it. Nevertheless, contemplation of the next war does arouse tension, anxiety, fear. It is an unpleasant subject; people, we are told, tend to resist facing up to it. In asking its audience to face up to it, "Playhouse 90" was carrying out the oft-stated wishes of its more concerned critics. It was doing this, moreover, in mass-entertainment terms, comprising passions, terror, and violence, deftly calculated to compel mass-audience attention in order to make its point—namely, the utter and universal futility of war in the twentieth century.

Here was no jingoistic saber-rattling over the heads of Russian delegates at the conference table in Geneva. "Who won the war?" wryly asked the narrator, an Air Force officer. "We did. We clobbered 'em." And the end of reason and freedom everywhere echoed him. As in "On the Beach," the play's moral embraced mankind, not merely the victor or the vanquished nations. You could change the locale from Fort Repose, Florida, the small American town that initially survived the attack, to its counterpart in Russia, and the human experience would be identical. Far from disturbing the delicacy of the negotiations at Geneva, "Alas, Babylon"

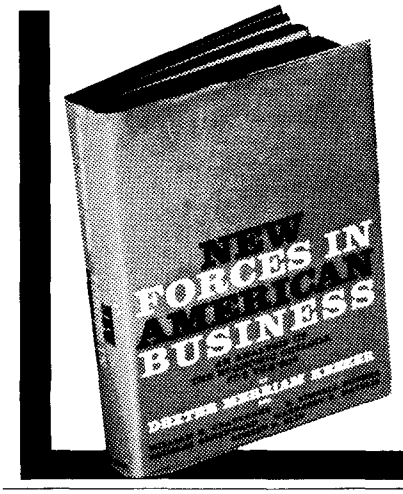


might well have contributed to the public's deep, unarticulated feeling for peace which pushes the negotiators on toward sanity. The idea of any euphemism that would have avoided identifying the enemy as Russia is absurd. To deal seriously with the military details of atomic conflict and pretend that the opponent is some ill-defined power "out there" is to descend into the nonsense of a third-rate spy movie.

An excess of emotional sensation and cruelty was ascribed by a critic to one scene in which a child was blinded, and to another in which a doctor was fatally beaten by drug-starved narcotic addicts in the lawless aftermath of the attack. Strong medicine, yes, but administered in this case not for cheap thrills but to emphasize a very real possibility for all, should the fantasy ever turn into the actual nightmare. The television version of "Alas, Babylon" had its weaknesses as a play. Like all apocalypses ("On the Beach" included) it was essentially a third act: the die was cast when the curtain went up; dramatic choice did not exist.

Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw's adaptation, the production by Peter Kortner, and the direction by Robert Stevens were swift, terse, vital, and unusually pulse-pounding. The shortcomings of television drama are numerous, but it makes no sense to damn the sponsors, the networks, and the craftsmen when they don't—and then damn them as heartily when they do.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Birdieland, U.S.A.

THE NEW musical **"Bye Bye Birdie"** gets off to a fine start with a motion picture montage satirizing the strange popularity of the Elvis Presley type of performer. It pauses slightly to establish a nominal plot involving the rock 'n' roll singer's manager and the manager's secretary, before it rushes into the cleverest musical comedy number we've had this season. In it we are given a glimpse of a set of vertical cubicles containing typical teen-agers draped in assorted grotesque postures as they sing their babble of after-dinner telephone conversations.

So far so good. It is clear that "Bye Bye Birdie" has been conceived with a strong satirical point of view and with considerable skill and ingenuity. And the next number, in which we hear a fifteen-year-old girl sing about how lovely it is to be a woman as she dresses herself in men's socks, slacks, heavy sweater, and hunting cap, keeps the show rolling along at the same fast pace. But before long we are aware that because this musical's happenings are seen from a satirical distance we are not going to become very warmly involved with its characters. They are not for loving, but for laughing at. And whether or not you will find "Bye Bye Birdie" a satisfying musical will depend upon how effectively it is staged and how long it can sustain its strains of humor. Fortunately, director Gower Champion has a remarkable feeling for varied patterns of coordinated movement, and designer Miles White has assisted with colorful and appropriate costumes. Then, in the comedy department, the show features two very funny people. The first, Kay Medford, plays a determined mother who keeps her adult son from marrying by dramatizing the misery of her position at every crucial moment. For instance, after arriving by subway she gives her son the dollar she saved by not taking a taxi so that he will feel too ashamed to tell her he is leaving. And while the rest of her appearances are all variations of the same joke, Miss Medford's undisguised persistence keeps supplying curative laughter to those who may have taken their own in-law problems too seriously.

And equally funny is Paul Lynde as the teen-ager's father, whose efforts to run his household build up into exaggerated displays of futile statement. When he learns that he is going to appear on the Ed Sullivan show, he melts from reasonable anger into self-important ecstasy to create a piece of devastating ridicule.

Dick Van Dyke, who does an appealing limp-dishrag dance, plays the manager; Chita Rivera, who has a number of opportunities to demonstrate her vitality as a dancer, plays the secretary; Susan Watson and Michael J. Pollard are fine as two serious teen-agers; and Dick Gautier handles the title role more unobnoxiously than you might expect.

While the story is pretty pointless, Michael Stewart's book is continually refreshed with good dialogue, such as "I didn't know what puberty was until I was almost past it," and "Who's the head of the FBI? Is it Pat Nixon yet?" And the songs by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams sound unostentatiously pleasant. "Bye Bye Birdie" is not a great musical comedy, but it offers many highly entertaining spoofs of the contemporary scene.

IN **"A Second String,"** Lucienne Hill's adaptation of Colette's "The Other One," Shirley Booth plays a wife who wisely allows her husband to have brief affairs with actresses. As she puts it, "If I made a fuss, what would happen? The same thing, and I'd irritate Farou in the bargain." But when Farou, who is described as the sort of man who inspires devotion in a lot of people he doesn't give a damn for, crosses the line with his devoted young secretary, his wife does get angry. However, the ensuing showdown resolves the problem gently by making the two women aware that their extremely compatible relationship is all the more essential because of Farou's unchangeable nature.

While this is all very civilized and true to life, even in America, it is neither very moving drama nor very entertaining comedy. Each new entrance seems to promise a surprising and vital development, but almost everything that follows is only an illustration of something we've already been told. The play is acted in a wide range of styles, so that any evaluation of the performers is pretty much a matter of which flavor you like. Except for her final scene, Miss Booth's role is disappointingly passive. Nina Foch plays the young secretary rationally. Cathleen Nesbitt has the opportunity for a couple of those elegantly snide solos she does so well, and Jean Pierre Aumont's Farou is most effective when it takes

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"A Second String" down to the level of farce, where, come to think of it, it may belong.

BRITISH playwright Ronald Duncan has written his own version of "Don Juan in Hell," which, under the title of "**The Death of Satan,**" is being presented Off-Broadway at the St. Marks Playhouse. The play takes place in the British rather than the Italian version of Hell, which turns out to resemble a London gentlemen's club, where punishment consists of the boredom of listening to those who've committed sins similar to one's own. While it is unsuccessful in homogenizing its facetious parody, its awkward scenes of amorous activity by a Don Juan on sabbatical, and its metaphysical poetry, Mr. Duncan does have something to say, and you may be moved by Satan's dying speeches as he prophesies total destruction with "Listen to that thunder, echoing Golgotha. May the malicious lightning nail the limbs of light, and universal darkness bleed over all creation as it withdraws into the womb of night, leaving nothing but the loneliness of God borne on a wind which mourns through space with nothing to blow upon."

And Satan is challenging with his last will and testament when he shouts, "To those agnostics on the earth, worshippers of man and mediocrity, I, Satan, hereby bequeath equality, democracy, and boredom." And as a codicil to Shaw, Wilde, and Byron, "who never believed in Heaven sufficiently to suffer any discomfort in Hell," he leaves "complete release from fear of retribution or hope of redemption" and the material certainty of a death which will be a slow running down of their senses and powers. One suspects from this that Mr. Duncan might have been more successful had he stuck to Shaw's oratorio form.

THE CURRENT revival of Sophie Treadwell's "**Machinal**" at the Gate Theatre appears to be a carefully executed demonstration of the didactic techniques that flourished in the experimental drama of the Twenties. In it, director Gene Frankel has seen to it that the individuals are no more than a collation of the clichés of their class and occupations and that social pressures rather than human will power seem to dictate their fate. Vincent Gardenia neatly captures the essential qualities of the coarse American businessman. Dolores Sutton, as the prostituted wife, and Gerald O'Loughlin, as her callous lover, both offer credible portraits. However, despite its interest as a piece of theatre work, its effect is slightly surgical. —HENRY HEWES.

TOYS IN THE ATTIC

AT THE HUDSON THEATRE, NEW YORK

It is a sad fact that, in the last twenty years, too many cultivated people have lost interest in the theatre. I think they have lost much pleasure, although I agree that good plays are rare. In the belief that "Toys in the Attic" already praised unanimously by the drama critics, is one of the brilliant plays of many years, I offer to book-readers these opinions from the following distinguished men.

—KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN

"Lillian Hellman—as TOYS IN THE ATTIC demonstrates again—is one of the few Americans now writing who possesses a genuine tragic sense: the courage to face difficult human problems, the insight to illuminate them for us, and the style to make them memorable."
—Professor HARRY LEVIN

"Unlike most modern plays, TOYS IN THE ATTIC is filled with people. They are held together by hundreds of knots; the wonderful jaws of Miss Hellman's construction clash shut on something alive." ***—ROBERT LOWELL***

"TOYS IN THE ATTIC contains some of the best writing I have come across in years and two scenes that are as good as anything ever done by an American playwright. But I can't think of Miss Hellman as a playwright; she is a WRITER whose medium happens to be the stage and who has restored intelligence, wit, taste, and honesty to an area of American literature which had almost forgotten what these qualities look like."
—NORMAN PODHORETZ

"For dramatic tension and masterly construction no play now to be seen on Broadway equals Lillian Hellman's TOYS IN THE ATTIC. As a comment on human experience and character it combines the mordant and the humane in a manner entirely Miss Hellman's own. She is one of the very few dramatists in America whose work has style, integrity and intelligence." ***—PHILIP RAHV***

"'Toys in the Attic' is a work of extraordinary power. And I am lost in admiration of the brilliance of the writing which makes literally every moment of the play dramatically intense." ***—LIONEL TRILLING***

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JASON ROBARDS JR. MAUREEN STAPLETON IRENE WORTH
in LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
TOYS IN THE ATTIC
with ANNE REVERE
Directed by ARTHUR PENN

For Prompt Attention, make checks payable to HUDSON THEATRE and mail to KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN, 1545 Broadway, N. Y. 36. N. Y. Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60; Balc. $2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80; Balc. $3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.05, 3.60; Balc. $2.30. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Please list 3 alternate dates.

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WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

By GORHAM MUNSON, *author, editor, and director of the New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island.*

THE SUMMER writers' conference is thirty-five years old. It is established and of proven worth to the talented young writer. The list of the famed—from Jean Stafford and Catherine Drinker Bowen to A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and Theodore Roethke—who have attended conferences steadily grows. And the roster of workshop leaders—John Mason Brown, Bernard De Voto, Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, Paul Green, Malcolm Cowley, Louis Untermeyer, and many other practising novelists, poets, and editors—reads like the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Whereas in 1926 there was only one writers' conference, and that one was experimental, today there are nearly fifty that are at least two years old, and their directors report optimistically on their 1960 prospects. Not that writers' conferences are expecting to share in the college boom. It will be at least five years before there is any spillover of increased college attendance into the summer conferences. But the success of the conference movement has been so cumulative that the directors are quite justified in counting on a larger attendance than ever before.

The first writers' conference took place in 1926 at Bread Loaf, Vermont. The organizer was John Farrar, the godfather was Robert Frost, the sponsor was Middlebury College. In the next few years a model conference was molded at Bread Loaf, which may be defined as follows: a writers' conference is a temporary community of writer-teachers and writer-aspirants on a college campus for a period of one to three weeks in which workshops are set up and individual manuscript criticism is given. In 1930 Edward Davison, who had observed the Bread Loaf model in operation, founded the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains at Boulder, Colorado, and in 1938 Carroll Towle launched the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, again on the Bread Loaf model. Most but not all of the conferences listed in the first part of the directory below are variants of that model. Two exceptions are the summer session writers' conference at Columbia University, which is a summer school adjunct, and the Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, which exists quite as much for readers as for writers.

BESIDES the Bread Loaf type of conference, there is the short conference, an intensive affair running from one to four days, and this may be called the Oklahoma type, for the first of the short conferences was held in 1938 at the School of Journalism of the University of Oklahoma, the late Stanley Vestal acting as chairman. There is considerable variety in the short conference program. Some are no more than "authors' clambakes" or get-togethers; others offer workshops but no manuscript criticism; some even manage to evaluate manuscripts and confer with the attending writers. But in general the session is too short for individual conferences on manuscripts (the heart of the Bread Loaf idea) and the short conference provides rather more stimulation than instruction.

IT is customary here to offer congratulations to writers' conferences upon their coming of age—that is, upon reaching their fifth birthday—and this year congratulations are in order for the Syracuse Writers' Conference, which will be directed by Roland E. Wolseley, religious journalism expert; the Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, held near Hartford, Connecticut, with Louis Untermeyer as conference consultant, and the New York City Writers Conference at Wagner College, the only New York City Bread Loaf-type venture to survive out of four recently started.

Expectations for 1960? "One hundred registration (the limit)," writes Robert Mitchner, director of the Indiana University Writers' Conference. Director Mitchner is voicing the expectation of at least half of the respondents to the *SR* directory questionnaire, and the others to a man anticipate a larger registration than in 1959, which was a good year. May the search for quality be well rewarded after the record registration has been made.

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A Yeats Summer School

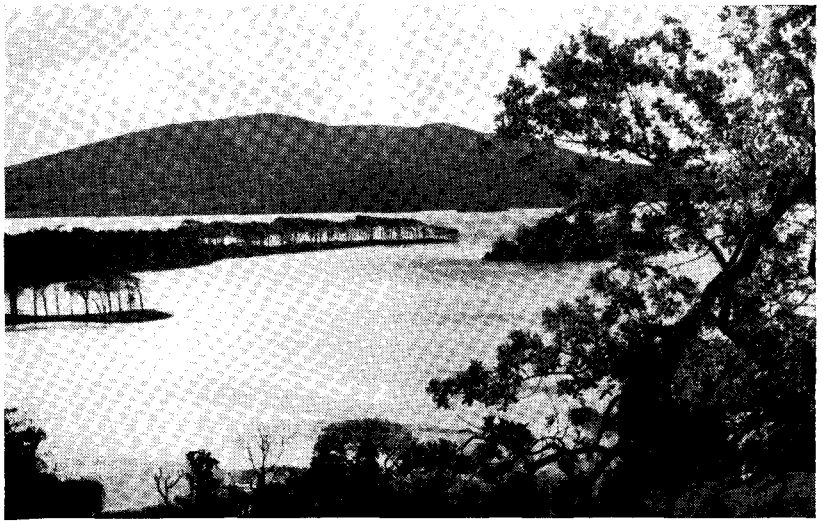
IN JANUARY, 1939, the remains of William Butler Yeats were brought from France, where he had died, and given their last resting place in County Sligo, where he spent much of his childhood. Recently the people of Sligo decided to share with the rest of the world their intimacy with Yeats—and intimacy is a word that can well be used in speaking of this poet, whom they knew as a neighbor. Outside the town are scenes that inspired the young Yeats—the rocky highland and Sleuth wood, and where

> The wandering water gushes
> From the hills above Glencar

The way the people of Sligo are going to share their intimacy with the poet is by opening The First Yeats International Summer School from August 13 to August 27 this year. The object of the school, it is announced, "is to provide for students of Yeats, a course of lectures and seminars given in the Yeats country itself; and conducted by men who have made a particular study of the poet and his works, and of people associated with him in the Anglo-Irish Literary and Dramatic Movement." The lecturers will include the president of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge; Mr. T. R. Henn, himself a Sligo man and the author of a memorable book on Yeats; Mr. Roger MacHugh of University College, Dublin, and six other recognized authorities. Besides performances of Yeats's plays, there will be excursions with members of the Yeats Society to places of interest in the Yeats country. In addition, students can take buses from Sligo into other counties famous in literature and legend: Clare, Galway, Donegal.

The headquarters of the school, commanding a view of Sligo's beautiful hills, are the Sligo Grammar School and the Sligo High School. Accommodations in the Grammar School (it dates from 1750) and in the High School are $18 per week. Moreover, hotels offer excellent lodgings in Sligo, and rooms in approved private houses can also be arranged. The fee for attendance at all lectures and seminars is $27 per week. Applicants may communicate with the organizing secretary, Thomas Mullhaney, at the Yeats Society Summer School, Sligo, Ireland.

—PADRAIC COLUM.



"Where dips the rocky highland of Sleuth Wood in the lake."

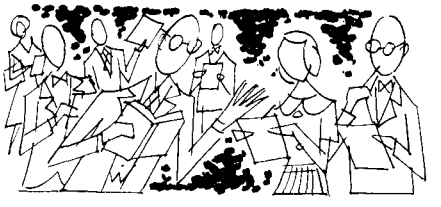
ONE- TO THREE-WEEK CONFERENCES

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' WORKSHOP AND CONFERENCE, under auspices of Arizona State College, *will meet June 27-July 8 at Arizona State* College, Flagstaff, Ariz. Founded 1951. Co-directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald. Guest speakers: six to eight (to be announced) who will spend a day or two at the conference and hold conferences with individual members. Tuition, room, and board not stated. Two semester hours' credit on either undergraduate or graduate level for those authorized in advance. Last year's attendance: 17, rated the most capable group in the ten years of the conference's existence. For brochure, write Office of the Registrar, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

PLAYWRIGHTS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts. Founded 1956 as part of Idyllwild Writers Conference and Workshop. No information received on 1960 session. For information write Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet June 20-July 10, at Los Angeles State College. Founded 1953. Director: Norman Fruman. Staff: Henry Coulette, poetry workshop; Leon Surmelian, fiction workshop. Speakers: Eric Ambler, Ray Bradbury, Leslie Fiedler, Guy Endore, Christopher Isherwood, Randall Jarrell, Delbert Mann, Stephen Longstreet, Dore Schary, Joel Keith, Ned Brown of MCA, Ben Benjamin of Famous Artists, Rex Barley, book review editor, Robert Kirsch, book review editor, Wirt Williams, and Frederick Shroyer. Three units of college credit. Tuition: $41. Last year's attendance: 28. For brochure, write Norman Fruman, director, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California Western University, will meet July 16-July 30 at San Diego, Calif. Founded 1958. Director: Carl Glick. Staff: Betty Baxter Anderson, children's books; Lo Verne Wilson Brown, poetry; Floyd Crutchfield, plays; Ronal Kayser (Dale Clark) and Victor Robertson, fiction; Howard E. Hopf, TV writing; Lee Shippey and Noel B. Loomis, nonfiction; Manly Wade Wellman, novel. Leaders of round-table discussion: Nathalia Crane, G. C. Edmondson, Hal G. Evarts, Charles Keely, Anne Passel, Wilbur T. Phillips, Helen Waterman, Robert Wilder. Guest lecturers: Emmet Lavery, Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. Three scholarships offered by Louise Baker; eligibility limited to college undergraduates. Tuition: $40 full session, $25 for one week. Room and board: $5.50 a day double; $6.50 a day single. Last year's attendance: 30 resident members, 80 nonresident. For brochure, write Carl Glick, director, Writers Conference, California Western University, San Diego 6, Calif.



LAURENTIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE. Founded 1953. No conference in 1960; may be revived in 1961. For information, write E. Louise Cushing, Laurentian Writers Conference, 820 Buchanan St., St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P.Q., Canada.

TWENTY-SEVENTH WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 25-Aug. 12 at Boulder, Colo. Founded 1930. Director: Margaret Robb. Staff: Ray B. West, Jr., novel; Edwin L. Peterson, short story; Karl Shapiro, poetry; Willy Ley and Harold Walton, popular science; Elizabeth Yates, juvenile writing; William Stucky, nonfiction; Day Tuttle, dramatic writing; Stanton Peckham, book review. Guest lecturers: Malcolm Cowley, Alan Swallow. Ten scholarships will be given to graduates and undergraduates in colleges and universities in U.S. and Canada. Tuition: $98 max., $60 min. Room and board: $105 for three weeks, min. for one week, $35. Last year's attendance: 110. Book Review Workshop is new feature for 1960. For brochure, write Margaret Robb, director, Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

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INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATION, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 11-15 at Fort Collins, Colo. Founded 1958. Director: Dr. Herman M. Weisman. Staff: Willard Haselbush, Frank M. Van Sickle, Dave Breger, Warren Deck, Richard Dodge, Willard O. Eddy, Dwight Gray, J. P. Gray, Gustave L. Saelens, Lt. Col. Herbert Herman, Larry Kauffman, Allen Lytel, Roy C. Nelson. Guest lecturer: Elwood Whitney. Designed for those who are engaged in the supervision or preparation of reports, manuals, articles, house organs, advertising copy, brochures, public relations and other communications material. Two college credits given. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $50. Last year's attendance: 51. For brochure, write Dr. Herman M. Weisman, director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet July 24-31 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1956. Director: Paul G. Sanderson, Jr. Staff: Padraic Colum and Shirley Barker, fiction; Carl Lindstrom, journalism; Stanley Edgar Hyman, nonfiction; Shirley Jackson, short story; Marjorie Mueller Freer, drama and juvenile writing; William Jay Smith and Richard Wilbur, poetry; Loring Williams, interpretation of poetry; Louis Untermeyer, conference adviser. Ten scholarships available. Tuition: $30, total fee including room and board, $100. Last year's attendance: 150. For brochure, write Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., director of Suffield Reader-Writer Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of the University of Georgia, will meet Aug. 7-12 at Athens, Ga. Founded 1957. Director: Frazier Moore. Staff: John Selby, fiction; James Playsted Wood, nonfiction; Ed D. Winfield Parks, poetry. Guest lecturers: Don Hobart and others to be announced. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $25 to $50. Last year's attendance: 85. For brochure, write Frazier Moore, Southern Writers Workshop, Center for Continuing Education, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of McKendree Writers' Association, will meet June 13-18 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Founded 1955. Director: Mildred Silver. Staff: Rosemary Greene Brinson, radio-TV writing; James Martin Flanagan, religious writing; John Knoepfle, poetry; James W. Lash, drama; Harry Edward Neal, fiction; Nicolete Meredith Stack, juvenile writing; Anne West, articles. Guest lecturers: Dr. Ben Browne, George Arms, Clarissa Start, Martin Quigley, W. Ernest Blevins, and others. Special Saturday program for those unable to attend entire week. Tuition: $15 before May 1, $20 after May 1. Room and board: $17.50 (two in room) for five-day period. This conference is now affiliated with the Green Lake Conference (see below). For brochure, write Dr. Mildred Silver, director, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 6-12 on the campus of Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Mark Harris, novel; Frances Gray Patton, short story; Richard Gehman, nonfiction; David Wagoner, poetry; Howard Rodman, TV writing; Jean Lee Latham, children's literature. Guest lecturer: Richard Ellmann. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship in Children's Literature. Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship in the Novel. Ten Indiana University Foundation tuition scholarships. Cash prizes for most promising writing in all workshops. A Sunday in scenic Brown County State Park for students and staff. Tuition: $25 for first workshop, MS. submission, and consultation; $20 for second. Additional workshops may be audited at the rate of $15 for the first, $10 for each of the others. Room and board: $3.75-$6 per person per night —all rooms air-conditioned. Meals at reasonable rates at Indiana University restaurants, cafeteria, grills, snack bars—all air-conditioned. Last year's attendance: 83 accepted. For brochure, write Robert W. Mitchner, director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Ballantine Hall, Box 70, Bloomington, Ind.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet July 25-Aug. 5 at Morehead, Ky. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Robert Francis, poetry; James Still, short story; Harvey Curtis Webster, novel; Robert Hazel, poetry and fiction; Pierre Long, literary agency and fiction; Jane Mayhall, fiction and poetry; Eugene Sloan, nonfiction. Guest lecturers: Hollis Summers, Woodridge Spears, John Napier, W. P. Covington III, and others. Scholarships. Poet's Theatre. Awards. Anthology publication. Two hours' credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: $12 to $15 per week. Last year's attendance: 54. For brochure, write Albert Stewart, director, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Extension Department, University of New Hampshire, will meet Aug. 15-26, at Durham, N.H. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: George Abbe, poetry; Charles Angoff, nonfiction; Shirley Barker, novel; Ella Shannon Bowles, nonfiction; Margaret Coit, nonfiction; Edmund Cortez, radio and TV; William D. Ellis, novel; Loyd Haberly, poetry; Frangcon Jones, short story; Alexandra Sanford, children's books; Loring Williams, poetry; Thomas Williams, short story. Guest lecturers: Frederick Packard, Sid Dimond, Lorus and Margery Milne. Poetry award; Durham Chapbook. Tuition: $70. Last year's attendance: 67. For brochure, write Professor Carroll S. Towle, chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N.H.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 6-19 at Oceanic Hotel, Star Island (Isles of Shoals), ten miles from Portsmouth, N. H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Edna G. Cornell. Guest speakers: Barbara Cooney, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Stephen Meader, C. W. Anderson, Joanne Williamson, Elizabeth Ripley, Duane Bradley, Eugene Lord, Dr. Robert S. Illingworth, Frederick J. McGill, Jr., Robert Lowell. Registration limited to 25. Tuition: $25. Room and board: $43-$47 per week. For information, write Mary Chisholm Sweetser, director, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland St., Malden 48, Mass.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet July 4-July 22 at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Founded 1947. Director: Walter Spearman. Staff: Robert Francis, poetry; Walter Spearman, nonfiction; Margaret Widdemer, fiction. Credit students may secure college credit through Syracuse University. Tuition: $30 per section, $75 for three sections. Room and board: reasonable rates at hotels and boarding houses. Last year's attendance: approx. 20 in each of three sections plus numerous auditors. For brochure, write Mrs. Ruth Skinner, registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y.

SYRACUSE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of School of Journalism of Syracuse University, will meet Aug. 15-27 on the campus of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Roland E. Wolseley. Staff: Robert W. Root, magazine article writing; Don Tracy, fiction; Phyllis A. Whitney, juvenile fiction. Guest lecturer: Fred Demarest. Variable college credit available for each workshop. Tuition: $34 per class hour. Room and board: $30 a week. Last year's attendance: 24. For brochure, write Dean, School of Journalism, Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, N.Y.

SUMMER SESSION WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University, will meet July 18-Aug. 4 at Harkness Theatre, Columbia University, New York City. Founded 1951. Director: Donald B. Dodson. Speakers at the 5:00-6:00 P.M. meetings: Carson McCullers, July 18; Knox Burger, July 19; Martha Foley and Rust Hills, July 20; Thomas Gallagher, July 21; Betty Miles and Ellen Lewis Buell, July 25; Louis Simpson, July 26; Robert S. Greene, July 27; Kay Boyle, July 28; John Hohenberg, Aug. 1; Simon Michael Bessie, Aug. 2; Ernest Brennecke, Aug. 3; Colloquium, Aug. 4. Conference meetings open without fee to all registered students in the Summer Session. Persons not otherwise enrolled in the Summer Session may register for the Writers Conference for credit. The following courses in the School of General Studies are related to the Writers Conference: fiction by Martha Foley and Sylvia Shirley; nonfiction by John Hohenberg, poetry by Louis Simpson. Registration entitles persons not otherwise enrolled in the Summer Session to submit for criticism one of the following: one short story, one article, several poems, a chapter from a novel. Tuition: $37 plus $5 admission fee and $10 registration fee. Last year's attendance: 100. For brochure, write Professor William A. Owens, director, Summer Session, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE AT STATEN ISLAND, under auspices of Wagner College, will hold its fifth annual session July 12-22 on the Grymes Hill campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Gorham Munson. Staff: Charles Angoff, nonfiction; James Baldwin, novel; Hallie Southgate Burnett, short fiction; Barthold Fles, juvenile writing and market counsel; H. R. Hays, stage, radio, TV, film writing; Wilbert Snow, poetry. Guest lecturers to be announced. Coffee-table discussion, individual manuscript

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DICKENSIAN SINGLETONS

There is much marrying and giving in marriage in Dickens's novels, and there is also much remaining single. Elmer Gustafson of Tulsa, Oklahoma, offers the names of five Dickensian spinsters followed by the names of five Dickensian bachelors and asks you to identify them and the novels in which they appear. Answers on page 36.

1. Middle-aged sister to a prosperous farmer, she eloped with a plausible rascal who was bribed to abandon her before marriage.
2. She saved her young mistress from being murdered, and as a result was permanently deafened.
3. Sister to an unscrupulous lawyer, she joined in a criminal conspiracy against an honest lad.
4. Withered but warm-hearted, she cherished the hope that a certain widowed businessman would marry her.
5. An acidulous confidential servant, she loved to foment trouble between her master and mistress.
6. For years he revered a hypocrite; for years hopelesly loved the hero's fiancée.
7. He patiently traveled many countries in search of an erring niece.
8. A retired sea captain with a missing hand, he sheltered a homeless girl.
9. He was a lawyer, feared and reverenced by lawbreakers among whom his practice mainly lay.
10. Once a gentleman, now clerk to a usurer, he was a loyal friend to the hero and his family.

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consultations. Special program for Alumni Weekend. Stanley Award in Drama and performance of award-winning play. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship and Prize for juvenile writing. Three Fellowships for Negro Writers. Daily news-bulletin, *Sea Hawk Daily*, published. Last year's attendance: 57. Tuition: $60. All-inclusive fee for entire program, board and room: $140. For brochure, write Ethel Lambert, administrative secretary, NYC Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N.Y.

HUCKLEBERRY WORKSHOP, INC., a nonprofit educational institution for the creative arts, will meet June 26-Aug. 27 at Huckleberry Mountain, Henderson, N.C. Founded 1939. Acting director: Evelyn G. Haynes. Staff: the 1959 line-up with a few changes. Staff will be completed by end of April and new director announced. Expansion program being formulated. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: $40 to $55 per week. For brochure, write Director, Huckleberry Workshop, Hendersonville, N.C.

ANTIOCH WRITING AND PUBLISHING SEMINAR, under the auspices of Office of Continuing Education, Antioch College, will meet Aug. 14-20 at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Founded 1957. Director: Dr. James McConkey. Staff: Merrill Pollach, Stewart Richardson, Oakley Hall, Nolan Miller, William Dickey. Tuition: $50 with MS.; $25 to audit. For information write Director of Continuing Education, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

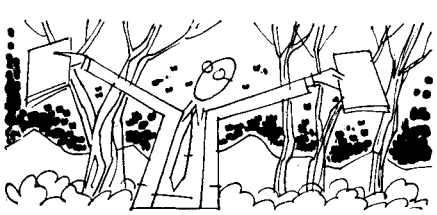
ANNUAL WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Summer Session, General Extension Division, Oregon State System of Higher Education, will meet Aug. 1-12 at the campus of Portland State College, Portland, Ore. Founded 1958. Director: Anthony Netboy. Staff: Mary Lasswell, fiction; Rolfe Humphries, poetry; Evelyn Sibley Lampman, juvenile writing; Anthony Netboy, nonfiction. Three term hours of graduate or undergraduate credit in English. Conference open to all persons interested in creative writing; each enrollee entitled to submit 2,000-word manuscript for criticism by workshop leaders. Tuition: $50 for two weeks or $35 for one week; $20 per week for full-time summer session students enrolled in other courses. Last year's attendance: approx. 125. For information and registration materials, write Robert J. Gridley, coordinator of workshops, Portland Summer Session, 1633 S.W. Park Ave., Portland 1, Ore.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE CONFERENCE, under auspices of The State College, Millersville, Pa., will meet July 18-Aug. 5 at Lyte Auditorium, State College, Millersville, Pa. Founded 1957. Director: Dr. L. S. Lingenfelter. Staff: John Ciardi and Mrs. Edgar Lee Masters, poetry; Malcolm Cowley and Richard Gehman, nonfiction; Margaret L. Coit, biography; Margaret Widdemer, Cid Ricketts Summer, and Mildred Savage, fiction; John B. Shenk, psychic phenomena in literature. Optional college credit, three hours, graduate or undergraduate; auditing by request. Two tuition scholarships given by English Club of State College. Tuition: $34 for Pennsylvanians, $45 for non-Pennsylvanians. Room and board: $14-$18 per week. Last year's attendance: 96. For brochure, write Dr. L. S. Lingenfelter, State College, Millersville, Pa.

SOUTHERN STATES WRITING WORKSHOPS, under the auspices of Camp Cherryfield for Adults, will meet July 23-Aug. 6 at Camp Cherryfield, Brevard, N.C. Founded 1958. Director: Louise Blackwell. Staff: Eunice Bradley, Etta Caldwell Harris, Chalmers S. Murray. Workshops in poetry, short story, novel, drama, juveniles, and nonfiction. Evening lectures, poetry readings. Tuition, room, and board: $130 for two weeks, $70 for one week. For brochure, write Louise Blackwell, 2301 Elliston Place, Nashville 5, Tenn.

FINE ARTS COLONY, under auspices of Corpus Christi Branch, National League of American Penwomen, will meet June 6-18 at the University of Corpus Christi, Corpus Christi, Tex. Founded 1949. Director: Mrs. Howell Ward. Staff: Kenneth B. Loomis, oils and water color; Richard B. Sale, Jr., short story and poetry. Scholarships. Two hours' college credit. Tuition: $35. Room and board: $3.50 per day. Last year's attendance: 145. For brochure, write Mrs. Howell Ward, 801 S. Broadway, Corpus Christi, Tex.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the Department



of English, University of Utah, will meet June 13-24 on the campus of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Richard Eberhart, poetry; Dorothy McCleary, short story; Harvey Swados, novel. Annual Conference Dinner. Annual Conference Picnic at Rancho Chico in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Scholarships; college credit for those qualified. Tuition: $25 for one week; $35 for two weeks (or one workshop, $25). Room and board: $8-$12 per week. Last year's attendance: 72. For brochure, write Professor Brewster Ghiselin, director of the Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 12, Utah.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 17-31 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: Nancy Hale, fiction; William Sloane, fiction and nonfiction; John F. Nims, poetry; David McCord, poetry; William Rainey, nonfiction; Allen Drury, fiction; Louis Koenig, nonfiction; Bernard Sobel, nonfiction; Robert Frost, poetry. Guest lecturers: Theodore Morrison, Stewart Holbrook, and others to be announced. Tuition, room, and board: starts at $155. Last year's attendance: about 190. For brochure, write Professor Paul Cubeta, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under the joint auspices of the National Council of Churches and the American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, will meet July 2-9 at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Ben Browne. Staff: Elaine St. Johns, Herbert B. Warburton, Roger Burgess, Stephen Biggs, Harry Edward Neal, Albert and Bertha Johnson, Elizabeth Yates, Jessie B. Carlson, Frances Eastman, A. Stauffer Curry, Wilbur H. Cramblet, Warren Mild, Gilbert L. Brown, Jr., Ralph W. Seager, Peter Gordon White, M. Patricia White, Roland E. Wolseley, Ward S. Miller, Stanley Freiberg, Marion Van Horne, William S. Mittelstadt. Workshops in writing for children, short story, article writing, drama, poetry, curriculum writing, devotional writing, missionary writing, photography. Academic credit from University of Redlands can be arranged for. This conference is followed by a five-week session of the School of Creative Writing and Drama Writing July 9-Aug. 13, at the National Christian Writing Center, Green Lake, Wis. Tuition: $15 prior to May 1, $20 if registered after May 1; $10 for each week following initial week. Room and board: rates per day vary from $6.25 double to $13.50 single. Last year's attendance: 250. For brochure, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, affiliated with the Green Lake Conference (see above), will meet June 19-24 on the campus of Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids (suburban Philadelphia), Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Ben Browne. Staff: Anna Rose Wright, Graham H. Hodges, W. Kent Gilbert, Earl Ziegler, Walter D. Ferguson, Eugene Exman, Robert J. Cadigan, William W. Hassler, Mary Alice Jones, Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Ardis Kresensky, Mae H. Ashworth, Willard Maas, Edward D. Fulweiler, Berthold Jacksteit, David D. Raycroft, Richard R. King. Guest lecturer: Adela Rogers St. Johns. Workshops in writing for children, writing for youth, short story, poetry, article, curriculum writing, inspirational writing. Tuition: $15. Room and board: $30. Last year's attendance: 125. For brochure, write Dr. Ben Browne, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

BERKELEY CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, affiliated with the Green Lake Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference (see above), will meet Aug. 8-13 at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Berkeley, Calif. For information, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

NEW YORK STATE RELIGIOUS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, a regional conference inspired by the Green Lake Conference (see above), will meet in October on the campus of Syracuse University, N. Y. Founded 1959. Staff and program to be announced. For information, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

ONE- TO FOUR-DAY CONFERENCES

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, INC., under auspices of Arkansas Pioneer Branch, National League of American Penwomen, and other sponsors, will meet June 4, 5, 6 at the College of the Ozarks, Clarksville, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarborough. College Coordinator: Ruby Villines. M.C. for June 4, W. M. Hackett; M.C. for June 5, Orville Hancock; M.C. for June 6, Edsel Ford. Sixteen prize contests. Registration fee: $1 per day. Room and board: dormitory beds, $1 per day; meals, $3 per day. Last year's attendance unreported. For brochure, write Anna Nash Yarborough, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

OZARK WRITERS-ARTISTS POW-WOW (Ozark Writers-Artists Guild) will meet May 27, 28, 29 at Basin Park Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark. Founded 1955. Director: Cora Pinkley-Call. Staff: Dr. Bonnie Lela Crump, Lila Wilson Pyles, Rosa Marinoni, Edsel Ford, Carol Erwin. Guest speaker: Richard W. Cortright. Registration fee, $1. Last year's attendance: 75. For brochure, write Cora Pinkley-Call, Eureka Springs, Ark.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS CONFERENCE, sponsored by California Writers Club in cooperation with the *Oakland Tribune* and Oakland Chamber of Commerce, will meet May 13, 14 at Jack London Hall, Jack London Square, Oakland, Calif. Founded 1955. Program to be announced. Authors' Night Dinner, May 12, precedes conference. Tuition: $5 for six sessions, $1 per session. Last year's attendance: 2,000 single admissions. For information, write David A. Weaver, secretary, California Writers Conference, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

WASHINGTON, D. C., WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Founded 1958. No information received on 1960 plans. This was one of a number of conferences sponsored by Irving Leiberman. No information received on the Chicago Writers' Conference, Detroit Writers' Conference, Cleveland Writers' Conference, New York Writers' Conference, and the Cincinnati Writers' Conference scheduled last year by Mr. Leiberman. For information on 1960 conferences, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of William Allen White School of Journalism and University of Kansas Extension, will meet June 21-24 at Lawrence, Kan. Founded 1948. This is the tenth session. Director: Professor Frances Grinstead. Staff: Margarita Smith, fiction; Charles Pearson, nonfiction; Mrs. Charlie May Fletcher, biography and juvenile writing; Bernice Slote, poetry. Guest lecturers: Elmer F. Beth, Calder Pickett. Annual Friends-of-Conference Dinner, June 23. Tuition: $30. Last year's attendance: 62. For brochure, write Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Assembly, will meet Aug. 23-26 at Ocean Park, Me. Founded 1941. Director: Mrs. Lillian L. Munroe. Advisory chairman: Adelbert Jakeman. Staff: Mrs. Leavitt C. Parsons, David Woodbury, Loring E. Williams, Dorothy Clarke Wilson, Lewis Flagg, Jr., Peggy Brown, Mildred Mikkanen, Charles Rawlings, Florence Davis. Authors Reception and Book Fair. Contests in poetry, fiction, nonfiction. Registration fee: $1.50 per day. Last year's attendance: 75. For brochure, write Mildred M. Thomas, registrar, State of Maine Writers' Conference, 26 Randall Ave., Ocean Park, Me.

MICHIGAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of English Department, University of Michigan, will meet May 19, 20, at Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1953. Director: Professor R. F. Haugh. Staff: John Heath-Stubbs, poetry; Geoffrey Hill, drama; John F. Muehl, fiction. Guest lecturers: Theodore Roethke, Arnold Gingrich. Tuition: none, small manuscript fee. Last year's attendance: 75. For brochure, write R. F. Haugh, 2617 Haven Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MID WEST SILVER LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Committee for the Mid West Silver Lake Conference, will meet July 13-17 at Oak Haven, Fairmont, Minn. Founded 1953. Director: P. Evans Coleman. Staff: Dr. Margaret Ball Dickson, Margaret Friskey, Merle Miller, John Miller. Poetry Contest. Work scholarship. Tuition: $17.50. Room and board: $2.50-$5 per day. Last year's attendance: 32. For brochure, write P. Evans Coleman, Route 3, Fairmont, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI SOUTHERN COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Founded 1959. No information on 1960 plans. For information, write Charles Moorman, head, Department of English, Mississippi Southern College, Hattiesburg, Miss.

(Continued on page 33)

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SR's GUIDE TO WRITERS' SUMMER CONFERENCES

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First founded and still the first

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Director: John Ciardi

Poetry: David McCord, John Frederick Nims

Fiction—Nonfiction: Bernard Asbell, Allen Drury, Richard Gehman, Nancy Hale, Louis Koenig, William Raney, William Sloane

Juvenile Literature: Eunice Blake

Special Lecturers: Robert Frost, Stewart Holbrook, Theodore Morrison, William Hazlett Upson

Bread Loaf, Vermont

For writers, aspiring writers, and teachers of writing and literature Breaf Loaf offers an intensive two weeks of lectures and workshops by professional writers. A limited number of Conference members may, on special application, submit a manuscript for individual criticism. All others attend as auditors without submission of manuscripts but are free to take part in discussions, and above all to hear professionals discuss the writing process from inside the writing.

Housing facilities are limited and must be assigned to the earliest applicants.

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Middlebury College, Middlebury 1, Vermont

Chautauqua Writers' Workshop

14th Season—July 4-July 22, 1960

Staff: Walter Spearman, director, Non-Fiction; Margaret Widdemer, Fiction; Robert Francis, poetry.

Single course, $30; three courses, $75. Lower rates for auditors. Academic credit through Syracuse University.

Workshop members have swimming, boating, fishing privileges in Lake Chatauqua. Full Chautauqua program includes concerts by Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra; plays by Cleveland Playhouse; operas by Chautauqua Opera Company; daily sermons, lectures, recitals and other attractions in amphitheater.

for bulletin write:

Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools
Chautauqua, N. Y.

27th WRITERS' CONFERENCE

in the Rocky Mountains

JULY 25 - AUGUST 12

Workshops in novel, short story, poetry, nonfiction, juvenile fiction, drama, popular science, and book review.

Outstanding Staff: Ray B. West, Jr., Novel, Edwin L. Peterson, Short Story; Karl Shapiro, Poetry; Elizabeth Yates, Juvenile; William Stucky, Non-Fiction; Willy Lay and Harold Walton, Popular Science; Day Tuttle, Dramatic Writing; and Stanton Peckham, Book Review.

Write Margaret Robb, Director
University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado

SUFFIELD WRITER—READER CONFERENCE

SUFFIELD ACADEMY, Suffield, Conn.

July 24 to July 31
5th Year

FICTION:	**Shirley Barker • Padraic Colum**
NON-FICTION:	**Carl Lindstrom • Stanley Edgar Hyman**
POETRY:	**William Jay Smith • Richard Wilbur Loring Williams**
SHORT STORY:	**Shirley Jackson**
JOURNALISM:	**Carl Lindstrom**
JUVENILE AND PLAYWRITING:	**Marjorie Mueller Freer**

CONFERENCE ADVISER AND LECTURER: Louis Untermeyer

A unique opportunity is offered, at this Conference, to the writer and to the reader, for a free exchange of ideas, on the creation, understanding and enjoyment of the written word.

Workshops and discussion groups are often held on the tree shaded lawns of the picturesque Suffield Academy campus, (est. 1833), in surroundings typical of an old and historic New England town.

For details write **PAUL G. SANDERSON,** *Director*
Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE

(The Student-Centered Conference)

JULY 6-12, 1960

MARK HARRIS *(Something About a Soldier; Wake Up, Stupid)*—The Novel
FRANCES GRAY PATTON *(Good Morning, Miss Dove; A Piece of Luck)*—Short Story
RICHARD GEHMAN *(Driven; How to Write and Sell Magazine Articles)*—Nonfiction
DAVID WAGONER *(Dry Sun, Dry Wind; Rock; A Place to Stand)*—Poetry
HOWARD RODMAN (Scriptwriter and Producer, "Screen Gems")—Television Writing
JEAN LEE LATHAM *(Drake; Carry On, Mr. Bowditch—Newbery Medal, 1955)*—Juveniles

Small workshops—all students submit MSS for personal consultations—ample, air-conditioned facilities—friendly, intimate atmosphere—and a Sunday in scenic Brown County.

Address inquiries to

Robert W. Mitchner, Director
Indiana University Writers' Conference
Ballantine Hall, Box 70, Bloomington, Indiana

Summer Session WRITING COURSES

July 5 - August 12
FICTION: Martha Foley, Sylvia Shirley
NON-FICTION: John Hohenberg
POETRY: Louis Simpson

WRITERS CONFERENCE
Under the supervision of Daniel B. Dodson
July 18 - August 4
Monday through Thursday—5 to 6 P.M.

Series of lectures and panel discussions on the problems of writing and marketing by prominent guest writers, editors and publishers, radio and television representatives. Arranged for benefit of students of Writing, Summer Session 1960; also open without fee to all registered students of the Summer Session. Students not otherwise enrolled may register for credit.

For Bulletin or further information write or visit, Director of Summer Session, 106 Low Library, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y., UNiversity 5-4000 Ext. 2688.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

ANTIOCH WRITING AND PUBLISHING SEMINAR

August 14 through 20, 1960

For descriptive brochure write to:

Director of Continuing Education
Antioch College
Yellow Springs, Ohio

4TH SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP
THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
AUGUST 7-12

Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, drama. Manuscript readings and conferences with leading writers and critics. Awards for best manuscripts. For complete information write: **E. R. WATSON, COORDINATOR, CENTER FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION, ATHENS, GEORGIA.**

Thirteenth
CHRISTIAN WRITERS AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE
Green Lake, Wisconsin July 2-9

Five-week School of Creative Writing and Drama
at the National Christian Writing Center
July 9 to August 13
Academic credit from the University of Redlands
Write to: Dr. Ben Browne, Director
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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16TH SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE

June 4 - 7th

$150,000 worth of mss. sold at former meetings

Staff: Harrison Smith, John Ciardi, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, Garland Roark, Frank Wardlaw, William Kelley, William McCleery, Col. Wilfred McCormick, John Howard Griffin, Harnett T. Kane, Lynwood Giacomini, Ruel McDaniel, Ernest G. Fischer, Lon Tinkle, and others.

$1,000 in cash prizes

Dee Woods, *Director*

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WAGNER COLLEGE announces the appointment of the following distinguished writers and editors to the staff of the fifth New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island—the conference where teaching ability comes first.

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Charles Angoff—Nonfiction Workshop
James Baldwin—Novel Workshop
Hallie Burnett—Short Fiction Workshop
Barthold Fles—Juvenile Writing Workshop
H. R. Hays—Drama Workshop
Wilbert Snow—Poetry Workshop

Stanley Award in Plays—Weekly Reader Childrens Book Club Prize for Juvenile Writing

July 12 - July 22

For brochure about this conference that has the advantage of being near America's publishing center and yet amidst country surroundings, write: **Ethel Lambert, Sec'y, NYC Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N. Y.**

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP

9TH ANNUAL, July 25 - August 5

STAFF: Robert Francis, James Still, Jane Mayhall, Eugene Sloane, Harvey C. Webster, Robert Hazel, Pierre Long, John Napier, Hollis Summers, Woodridge Spears.

SUBJECTS: poetry, fiction, nonfiction, poet's theatre.

PROGRAM: classes, conferences, group sessions, lectures.

FEES: Tuition, $15 per week; room, $3 per week.

WRITE: Albert Stewart, Morehead State College, Morehead, Kentucky.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

The University of New Hampshire
23rd Session **Aug. 15-26, 1960**

Fiction, poetry, drama, radio, writing for children, all types of prose, publishing advice. Fifteen leading writers and critics. Manuscript readings and conferences. For complete information write:

Carroll S. Towle • Durham, New Hampshire

Third
ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE

St. Davids, Pa. June 19-24
(suburban Philadelphia)
Workshops *Lectures* *Individual Counseling*
Write to: Dr. Ben Browne
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Continued from page 31

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by Drury College Adult Education Program with the cooperation of the Department of English, will meet on April 29 at Springfield, Mo. Founded 1950. Director: Adelaide H. Jones. Staff: Walter Sullivan, novel; Howard Leeds, TV writing. The conference this year is confined to one day: two major talks followed by small group conferences and an awards banquet at the close. William Draper Prize Awards (totaling $100) for fiction up to 5,000 words. Tuition: no fees this year. Conference luncheon: 65c; conference dinner, $1.50. For information, write Adelaide H. Jones, Writers' Conference, Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Montana State University, will meet May 25-28 at Missoula, Mont. Founded 1948. Director: John Barsness. Staff: James F. Stevens, folklore; Naomi Lane Babson, novel; Dale White, nonfiction and juvenile writing; Leslie A. Fiedler, poetry and short story; Nelson Bentley, poetry; Dan Cushman, novel and regional writing. Conference to be dedicated to the late Norman A. Fox, Western writer and co-founder Western Writers of America. Tuition: $25, including the Conference Dinner; $5 for any regularly enrolled student at a Montana university or college. Room: $8 for the session, $5 for college students. Last year's attendance: 50. Registration limited to 50. For brochure, write John Barsness, director, Montana State University Writers' Conference, Missoula, Mont.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY
School of Journalism
Writers' Conference
Aug. 15 to 27

3 Courses

ROBERT W. ROOT—*Article Writing*
DON TRACY—*Short Story-Gen. Fiction*
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For further information write
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School of Journalism,
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Syracuse 10, N. Y.

ANNUAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE

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Oregon State System of Higher Education

AUGUST 1-12, 1960

Study and WRITE with creative and professional writers in your special field of interest. Academic credit by arrangement.

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Rolfe Humphries—Poetry
Evelyn Sibley Lampman—Juveniles
Anthony Netboy—Non-fiction (Conf. Director)

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THE SCHOOL OF LETTERS

Indiana University **June 17-July 30**

The theory and practice of literary criticism

Courses by:

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PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE
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JUNE 20—JULY 8

Novel, poem, short story, film, TV Workshops in fiction and poetry. Speakers: Eric Ambler, Ray Bradbury, Henri Coulette, Guy Endore, Leslie Fiedler, Christopher Isherwood, Randall Jarrell, Joseph Joel Keith, Stephen Longstreet, Delbert Mann, Frederick Shroyer, Leon Surmelian, Wirt Williams.

NORMAN FRUMAN: DIRECTOR
Los Angeles State College — Los Angeles 32, Calif.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 16-18 at Portales, N. M. Founded 1952. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: William Kelley, novel; Ennen Reaves Hall, short story; Dr. H. Grady Moore, poetry. $200 in awards for best writing submitted. One hour's university credit if desired. Tuition: $12.50. Room and board: $3.50 per day. Last year's attendance: 108. For brochure, write Dr. E. Debs Smith, director, Eastern New Mexico Writers' Conference, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, will meet June 6-8 at the Oklahoma Memorial Union Building, Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Co-directors: Foster-Harris and Dwight V. Swain. Staff: Lawrence V. Fisher, short story; Townsend Godsey, photo feature; Grace Penney, juvenile fiction; Edward Barry Roberts, TV writing; Vera Holding, confessions; Clifton Adams, novel. Guest speakers: Paul R. Reynolds, Knox Burger, William Kelley, Edward Kuhn, Max Wilkinson, Margaret Cousins, William Stevens, Jr. Tuition: $15. Room: $2 per person per night. Last year's attendance: 300. For brochure, write School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of a number of writers' clubs in Philadelphia area, will meet May 25-27 at the Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa. Founded 1949. Director: Walter M. Breish. Staff: Louis Nachod, Dr. Helen Huss, Michael Ellis, Frank Brookhouser, Cecelia Gray, David Taylor, Richmond Lattimore, Dr. J. Douglas Perry, Dr. Austin J. App, W. E. Harris. Guest speakers: Pauline Bloom, Dr. Evan Alderfer, James Stewart Montgomery, George Roberts, John Alexander. Prizes for MS. in all workshop categories. Tuition: $6 for each workshop. Last year's attendance: 150. For brochure, write Emma S. Wood, registrar, Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department, University of Pittsburgh, will meet April 27 at University of Pittsburgh, Pa. Founded 1945. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Staff: Loren Eiseley, Margaret Coit, Jesse Stuart. Not a workshop conference; aims to stimulate interest in reading well and writing well. Tuition: free. Last year's attendance: 1,800. For brochure, write Edwin L. Peterson, director, Western Pennsylvania Conference for Readers and Writers, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

WRITERS ROUND-UP, under auspices of English Department of West Texas State College. Founded 1950. No information on 1960 plans. For information, write A. K. Knott, head, English Department, West Texas State College, Canyon, Tex.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, will meet June 4-7 at the Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Tex. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Staff: Lewis Nordyke, Katharine Evans, Dr. George D. Hendricks, Dr. W. A. Stigler, G. Bruce Howard, Mabel Kuykendall, Dr. Grace Ross, Boyce House, W. G. Beach, Joe A. Small, John Edward Weems, Lon Tinkle, John Ciardi, Harrison Smith and others. $1,000 in cash prizes. Tuition: $25. Last year's attendance: 350. For brochure, write Reva Gregg, 308 Katherine Drive, Corpus Christi, Tex.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE. Founded 1929. No information on 1960 meeting. For information, write Faith Prias, president, League of Vermont Writers, 22 Lafayette Place, Burlington, Vt.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Founded 1956. No information on 1960 session. For information, write Short Courses and Conferences, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

WRITERS' FLOATING WORKSHOP, sponsored by American-Foreign Travel Associates, will meet July 9-15. Conference will board the *Queen of Bermuda* at New York, spend two days in Bermuda, and return. Founded 1956. Director: Fay Oppenheim. Staff: Pauline Bloom. A conference for writing enthusiasts who want a workshop-cum-vacation. Prominent Bermuda writers will be hosts. Prizes. Tuition: $299.95 covering all expenses, room and meals, sightseeing tours, etc. For brochure, write Fay Oppenheim, American-Foreign Travel Associates, Ottsville, R.D. 1, Pa.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Balanchine in Persia—Walter's "Lied"

THE LIVELY mind of George Balanchine, which has created a veritable world of ballet all its own, added an Eastern chapter with the first performance of "The Figure in the Carpet" in the closing days of the New York City Ballet's spring season in City Center. Though designed as a *piece d'occasion*, it is a major addition to his repertory, a piece destined to outlast by far the occasion which brought it into being—the Fourth International Congress of Iranian Art and Archeology.

As the combination of elements suggests, "The Figure in the Carpet" takes its impulse from the great art of Persian carpet-weaving and the wide range of artistic symbols to which it gave rise. What a choreographer might derive from this could be anything or nothing. In Balanchine's case it is decidedly something, a captivating combination of imaginative and witty dance patterns, surrounded by a stage full of highly decorative costumes designed by Esteban Frances and marvelously executed (to be manageable for dance purposes) by Karinska. Together with his fanciful scenery, "The Figure in the Carpet" is a feast for the eye.

Properly enough, it begins rather simply—an opening sequence titled "The Sands of the Desert" in a neutral sand tone, against billowing drapes. Violette Verdy leads this ensemble, and the following one, which is also economical in movement, a *pas d'action* concerned with "The Weaving of the Carpet." Here she is projected as a shuttle borne aloft by her partners over the "loom" formed by members of the corps. This is all pleasant and promising, with an added element of wonder that Balanchine's use of music by Handel ("Royal Fireworks" and "Water Music") is not a distraction.

The work takes on new dimensions and full distinction in Scene 3 ("The Building of the Palace"). It is artfully prepared by composition of the background in the view of the audience, as one frame and then another are lowered into place to form the outline of an intricately designed carpet. Around it, by the use of panels and drapes, Frances has evolved an interior suitable for the elaborate purpose Balanchine had in mind—a grand court entertainment (in the style of Louis XIV).

A splendid ensemble for orange-clad courtiers ushers in its main action—a sequence of six divertissements along national lines, which is as old as "Coppelia," as familiar as "Swan Lake," and as fresh as only Balanchine's invention could contrive. These are divertissements with a difference: the difference being the choreographer's up-dating of traditional movement, groupings, and relationships. Included are "The Prince and Princess of Lorraine" (with Susan Borree, looking like a baby Baronova flashing lightly), "The Duke and Duchess of Granada" (Judith Green and slyly clowning Francisco Moncion), a group of "Indians" (from the West Indies) who threaten to break into a shuffle at one point, Patricia MacBride and Nicholas Magallanes as hilariously serious Chinese, Mary Hinkson and Arthur Mitchell as authentically African potentates, and zesty Diana Adams with an escort of "laddies," politely flinging Highland heels. Here, incidentally, is an answer to the long-posited question: what do Scotsmen wear under their kilts? If they are Deni Lamon, Michael Liand, Richard Rapp, and Roy Tobias, the answer is—leotards. After all this, the climaxing pas de deux of Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise is almost a letdown—but only from the exceedingly high level Balanchine has sustained for nearly an hour. The final apotheosis ("The Fountain of Heaven") is a kind of long drum-roll of stock-taking, in which the company is massed in all its colorful richness before Frances's fully revealed background, now sparkling with on-stage fountains.

For those who know, in other contexts, the music utilized, it is both amazing and subtly suitable that Balanchine has done so much with it. With the exception of the Scotch dance (against a gigue from the "Water Music") virtually none of it has a direct relationship to the action—but it is, after all, wholly *dance* music (such forms as bourrée, saraband, hornpipe, minuet, and sicilliana), in Handel's most abundant manner. Balanchine's people (through him) are constantly reacting to its lilt and rhythm, whatever the costumes they wear. Here we have the best kind of innovation—a new cut for old cloth, stitched, tailored, and woven by a master craftsman into garments barely recognizable as "derived," but snug-fitting for all that. The performance received a constant stimulus from the pit, where Robert Irving put a candle to Handel in the best tradition of such British predecessors as Harty, Beecham, and Barbirolli. The orchestra was willing if not always accurate, which, if there must be a choice of alternatives, is the more preferable.

As compensation, perhaps, for some disadvantages of local living, New Yorkers have had the opportunity to experience something no other community will have in this Mahler centennial year—four performances of "Das Lied von der Erde" performed by Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic Orchestra and soloists Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis. As the one who presided when the work was first performed in November, 1911, Walter's association with the score transcends, in length, any other musician's. The fact was evident in every phrase and page.

IT WAS a sentimental occasion, but it was a musical one also. Walter had prepared himself, as well as the work, thoroughly: there was the familiarly hypnotic spell by which he evokes (from almost any orchestra) sound suggestive of the Vienna Philharmonic's but there was also the physical power to exhort his associates to excel themselves. The outcome was one of those rare and redeeming exceptions in the round of concert-going, in which competence was an *a priori* condition; everything that followed, material and substantive.

One need not be a devotee of Mahler to join in the acclaim for this masterwork, which it surely is. Mood, flavor, imagery—all the textual implications are fulfilled vocally and instrumentally, with faultless taste and artistry. Those banalities which are now the fashion to admire in Mahler's symphonies are totally absent—excluded, perhaps, by the discipline provided by the texts (as in his "Kindertotenlieder," "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," and Rückert songs also). Conversely, if one could point a flaw in the affecting response to Walter's direction, it would have to do with this same textual element. Maureen Forrester's sound was superbly even in texture and rich in color, but aside from such a word as "Schönheit" the German text was all but indistinguishable a dozen rows from the stage. More consonants (if no less consonance) would have been welcome. Richard Lewis has some graces other tenors lack in this music, but falsetto is not the answer to its sternest challenges. In sum, Walter left the Philharmonic's Mahler observances on the highest possible level of esteem—could any composer ask more?

As an accommodation to Walter, the customary sequence of four concerts was spread over two weeks, with a Friday-Saturday pair in the first and a Thursday-Sunday coupling in the second. This brought on Thursday and Sunday Leonard Bernstein's first per-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Judiciary

Continued from page 21

ship of doctrinal invention in the higher state appellate courts to the mainstream of national judicial interpretation is etched clearly. Similarly, the analysis of the background of the successful invocation of substantive due process in behalf of the emerging modern corporation emphasizes the extent to which an important event such as the dramatic argument of Roscoe Conkling in San Mateo was related to the militant counter-revolution conducted by the American Bar Association against the Jacksonian economic tradition of free enterprise, properly tempered by governmental regulation to insure social responsibility and protection of the public interest. In short, the authors effectively recapture the tone and temper of the competition of ideas which provided a necessary backdrop to the significant changes in Constitutional interpretation.

The conclusions drawn by Professors Mason and Beaney about the contemporary role of the Warren Court are essentially friendly but not uncritical. They feel that an interpretative policy of "judicial hands-off in economic matters is perfectly consistent with judicial activism to preserve the integrity and effective operation of the political process." The questions raised by the authors are as provocative and insightful as their conclusions in that they properly focus attention not only upon the actions of the Warren Court but upon external developments as well. The answer to their query, "Why should defense of the Court against FDR's attempt to pack it have been so spontaneous, and the Warren Court's outside support, including that of President Eisenhower, have been so ambiguous?" would tell us much about significant trends in our contemporary society.

4. Immutable Principles

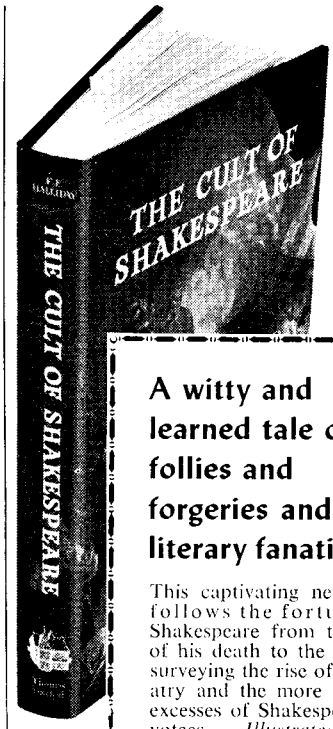
By Mark DeWolfe Howe

IN "The Complexity of Legal and Ethical Experience," a collection of bewildering and often repetitious essays, F. S. C. Northrop speaks in a tongue and with an accent so unfamiliar to the ears of most American lawyers that what may be wisdom is likely to be dismissed by hard-headed practitioners as pretentious jargon. A critic competent in philosophy and sociology would surely be a more perceptive reviewer than one who does not move easily among such concepts as that of "normative cognitivism" and who cannot find his way through a labyrinth diagram which purports to set forth the true relation between factual, normative, and natural social theory, and which is designed to prove that the segregation cases were "rightly" decided.

From his own level, however, the lawyer-critic may be able to ask some relevant questions about Professor Northrop's elaborate effort to prove that "legal science contains certain principles that are true independent of and antecedent to the positive or living law, and that any positive legislative statute or living law custom which violates these principles is illegal." The first question that such a critic might ask would be historical. Professor Northrop has found it argumentatively useful to force philosophic affiliations upon important Constitutional and legal historians which the victims of force would, I think, quickly repudiate. He constantly charges James Bradley Thayer with a commitment to positivism that seems almost wholly false. It is unquestionably true that Thayer was an influential proponent of the thesis that the American judiciary in the late nineteenth century had abused its powers to condemn legislation for its unconstitutionality. To convert this Constitutional thesis into a philosophical principle which "equates the legally just with the will of the legislature" is, I suggest, totally to distort Thayer's contention.

A scholar who is eager to fit other men of learning into pigeon holes may either cut the hole to fit the pigeon or wring the bird's neck, pluck the carcass, and push it inside by the main force of intellectual effort. Professor Northrop has overcrowded the compartment reserved for positivists with broken bodies that deserved more respectful treatment. How, one must ask, can the classification of James Barr Ames as an Austinian positivist be justified? Surely his essay on law and morals has more significance than his academic affiliations. When Justice Frankfurter, in his Adler dissent, quite properly asked his associates whether their own decisions were not repudiated when they took jurisdiction to sustain New York's Feinberg Law, his colleagues did not answer the question. Professor Northrop frames his own reply when he states that Justice Frankfurter's question was grounded in the procedural positivism of Harvard and Oxford. The question, however, is still unanswered.

It may be felt that such errors and distortions as those which have troubled and antagonized this reader bear no



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significant relationship to the thesis of Professor Northrop, for that thesis is in fact the product of philosophical reflection, not of historical interpretation. Perhaps this is so, yet the author purports to make his starting point the conviction of Holmes that the life of the law has come from experience, not from logic. A critically important part of American legal experience is American legal thought. What seems to be the basic error in Professor Northrop's effort to buttress his beliefs with interpretations of law by others is his failure to recognize that when J. B. Thayer and Justice Frankfurter have spoken of the limited responsibilities of the American courts—and primarily of the Supreme Court—they have not been outlining a legal philosophy but a set of Constitutional principles important to the structure of a Federal Government. It may be that their conceptions of the separation of powers between the courts and the Congress, and between the states and the nation, are mistaken, but criticism is not persuasive—perhaps not even relevant—when it moves to another area of discourse than that on which the conversation started.

IT is possible that Professor Northrop can satisfy the philosophers that sociological jurisprudence is wiser than positivism because its principles validate judicial review of majority legislation. It is even conceivable that speculative minds will accept his further contention that his own cognitive theory of legal science has finally made available to us a process for deciding which statutes are to be sustained and which condemned. Those of us who are unable to identify a responsible positivist who concedes to any state legislature or to Congress the full sovereignty of Parliament will continue to ask whether sociological jurisprudence, with all its virtues, has those glittering Constitutional merits which Professor Northrop ascribes to it. Those of us who believe that the segregation cases were "wisely" decided will none the less feel that Professor Northrop has failed in his effort to prove that they were "rightly" decided. The complexity of legal and ethical experience is perhaps greater than even Professor Northrop believes it to be.

Having admitted my own incompetence to estimate the value of the author's philosophical achievement, I should doubtless not comment on those phases of his effort which are unrelated to the hard facts of history. I cannot, however, refrain from the expression of a skeptical word concerning one of Professor Northrop's suggestions with respect to legal education. He urges that in this age a law school's curriculum should be extended beyond the narrow confines of the law and the broader reaches of the social sciences "to the experimentally verified theories of mathematical physics." The proposal, admittedly radical, is favored by the author because of his conviction that the

basic assumptions of a true philosophy of law are those which mathematical physicists have "verified by scientific methods [and] which give results that are the same for all men." In Professor Northrop's scheme of things, this conviction that law must be based on "what true scientific knowledge reveals both men and nature to be" provides that standard by which an educated citizen may determine whether a law is good or bad and the Court decide whether it is Constitutional or unconstitutional. Those who have mastered the truths of modern science need no equal protection clause to condemn racial segregation in public schools for they have become convinced "epistemologically and cognitively" that the sensed quality of color is accidental, not essential.

The day may come when all of us will share Professor Northrop's confidence that judges and lawyers educated by law schools in mathematical physics will make the higher law effective. In the meanwhile some of us will stick to our reactionary ways, shackled by scientific ignorance and blinded by the illusion that law must sometimes adjust itself to error—even to falsehood.

Cradle Gift

By George Scarbrough

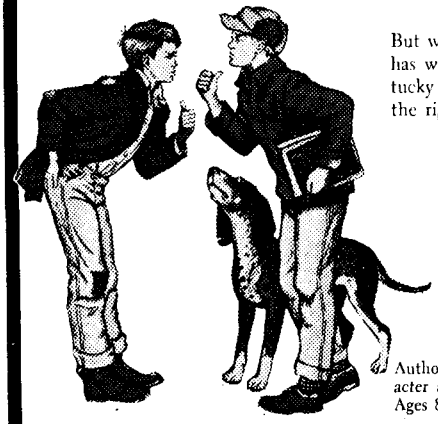
You will sleep in pieces of
Beds and wake in halves
Of houses, Brother John said,
While I endeavored to see
In my small mind beds and houses
Like that. You will play in
Yards too stuffed with players,
Drink from a cup that's bitten
By many, and go undoubtedly
In the chilliness of one sleeve.

So apples now will be
Divided by five and pink candy
In this most literal of all
Democracies become an inch
Of sweetness and an ell
Of longing, Brother John,
Who was not my brother,
Said in his talk to me,
Watching my father go
Back by the other houses.

All because Spencer was
Born he made his speech,
Feeling the top of my head
As if he counted, saying
Things I could not understand,
Naming names and sequences
Until my family seemed a roaring
Landscape of birds moved by
Its own momentum in which no bird
Of itself could fly.

Then he finished talking
And took me in to his table
On which his sister had placed
A red luscious pie. Eat, he said
To me. Eat without cutting. Enjoy.
I lifted the piewhole
And ate my way through it,
While Brother John sat down without
Speaking and smiled and smiled,
All because Spencer was born.

"A good hound dog never forgets his master..."



But what can a boy do when he finds a lonely dog, has wonderful times hunting with him in the Kentucky hills, grows to love him dearly... and then the rightful owner shows up?

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER

By Jesse Stuart

Author of *The Beatinest Boy*, *A Penny's Worth of Character* and *Red Mule*. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger. Ages 8-12. $2.50, now at your bookstore.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

of murder. Then ice the whole thing with as many happy endings as needed. And there you have it—a best seller.

You'll be amazed at how many people this will probably serve. Of course, if you don't want to go to the trouble and expense of following this recipe through by yourself, you can wait for that probable day when the Hollywood Bake Shop decides to produce it for mass consumption. They'll trick it up, of course, with Technicolor and Cinemascope, but don't be fooled by that. It's still the same old crumb cake.

—Haskel Frankel.

OFF-BEATS: For a good many moments in "**Absolute Beginners**" (Macmillan, $3.75), Colin Macinnes's novel of modern London teen-agers, you find yourself thinking that here, at last, is another Salinger, another "Catcher in the Rye." But just when you are ready to conclude this, the jazz-ridden, motor-scooter, coffee-house language begins to pale, and the novel evaporates strangely and regrettably into an unfeeling tape recording, where obscurity takes over in place of subtlety, incantation moves in to replace candid observation, and a frenetic jangling substitutes for effervescence.

It is not that Mr. Macinnes is untalented or that his ear is not sharply tuned to the rhythm of the teen-age mind and the London scene. He recreates the strange and unpredictable moods and mores of a collection of adolescent Beats competently and sometimes wondrously. His wit is profuse and his satire biting. It's simply that you never really warm up to the blue-jeaned crowd of the protagonist and his friends, the "Wizard," "Crepe Suzette," "Dido," and others with equally bizarre monickers. Their antics, which range from a big Do in a Soho jazz club to a full-scale race riot (they're dead against the Teddy Boys, you'll be glad to know), seem strangely unmotivated.

If Mr. Macinnes were not so talented, the bothersome qualities of the book might not even be noticeable. As it is, one's expectations lunge far ahead of his fulfilment—and the net result is frustrating disappointment.

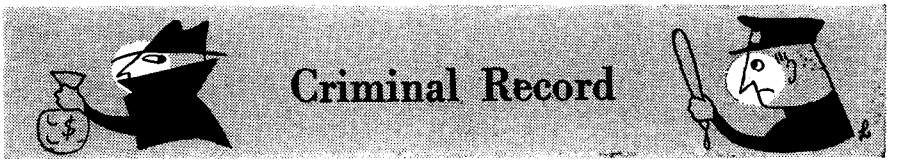
—John G. Fuller.

OXONIAN CRUSOE: J. M. Scott, author of "Sea-Wyf" and other stories of suspense, is a master of what might be called the modern English adventure novel, in which rugged but gentlemanly types act out the events that John Buchan would be assigning to Richard Hannay if both were still alive. But Scott's new novel, "**A Choice of Heaven**" (Dutton, $3.50), is only a good piece of everyday workmanship in this genre. It has a plot full of twists and cumulative climaxes: a vagabond Oxonian discovers an uncharted, pearl-rich South Pacific island, sets out to exploit and colonize it, and runs head-on into another colonizer, an ex-chief clerk in a London firm who is trying to establish an ideal polygynous family on the same island, with himself as husband and some twenty-odd Southeast Asian wives. The novel has a style that is underplayed in the best British tradition; its narrative technique is superb. But what it does not have is deep feeling, and this lack forces one to call the book a journeyman rather than a master job. Because the Oxonian and his rival are only surface sketches, as if they were Conrad characters who had wandered into the pages of *True* or *Argosy*, the intricately wrought climaxes are sterile and unmoving, and one must seek enjoyment in the author's considerable powers of description as they range among incidents of small-boat sailing, pearl fishing, and the exploration of a Robinson Crusoe island.

—Thomas E. Cooney.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Rachel Wardle in "Pickwick Papers." 2. Miss Pross in "A Tale of Two Cities." 3. Sally Brass in "The Old Curiosity Shop." 4. Lucretia Tox in "Dombey and Son." 5. Miggs, in "Barnaby Rudge." 6. Tom Pinch, in "Martin Chuzzlewit. 7. Mr. Peggotty, in "David Copperfield." 8. Captain Cuttle, in "Dombey and Son." 9. Mr. Jaggers, in "Great Expectations." 10. Newman Noggs, in "Nicholas Nickleby."



BE SILENT, LOVE. *By Fan Nichols. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Hudson Valley high-school football star's hit-run death puts clandestine lovers in jam and precludes aftermath of violence. Lively oh-what-a-tangled-web job.

KILLING AT THE BIG TREE. *By David McCarthy. Crime Club.* $2.95. Strangulation of cotton planter (f.) hands Blair McKenney, newly-elected Southern sheriff, prime problem; lynch threat adds to worries; appealing little black boy is key figure. Sensitive and nicely handled.

MURDER OUT OF SCHOOL. *By Ivan T. Ross. Random House.* $2.95. U.S. high-school student (Spanish name) admits pointing gun at grocer; teacher Ben Gordon (a doubting type) toils to free lad; two die before solution. Deftly tied together, and well-paced.

CASE PENDING. *By Dell Shannon. Harper.* $2.95. Luis Mendoza, Southern California police lieutenant, trails killer of two women; blackmailed ex-cop active; cases blend neatly. Has warmth, understanding, sound characterization, smooth motion.

GOLDFINGER. *By Ian Fleming. Macmillan.* $3. Non-tea-drinking James Bond (good old 007 of British intelligence) tangles with criminal genius by land and by air and gets his man; canasta, golf, are crucial; map of Fort Knox included. Everything happens in this one—and you believe it.

KNOCK THREE-ONE-TWO. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $2.95. Hard-up liquor salesman in nameless U.S. city plots insurance swindle as cops hunt psychopathic killer. Adroit and effective save for over-reliance on coincidence.

THE ENDLESS COLONNADE. *By Robert Harling. Putnam.* $3.95. English psychiatrist, on Italian architectural safari, finds self involved with possessor of atomic arcana and deadly enemy agents; amorous interlude a complication. High-grade production, marked by superior handling, excellent grasp of color, background, personalities.

THE BODY IN THE BED. *By Stewart Sterling. Lippincott.* $2.95. Latin-American plots and counterplots come too close to home for Gil Vine, security chief of swank New York hostelry; two die. Lively, with interesting slants on hotel operation.

A GRAVEYARD PLOT. *By Margaret Erskine. Crime Club.* $2.95. Inspector Septimus Finch takes busman's holiday in snowbound Devonshire to explore *maison à trois* that could trigger murder, and does. Urbane and literate.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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How Many Worlds?

Continued from page 12

very numerous, causes of divergence far fewer. They share certain definite aspirations. That is why the role of unanimity, although still in certain cases a serious obstacle to the smooth functioning of the organization, and although it often acts as a powerful brake, is nevertheless a great deal less harmful than in the United Nations.

NATO's military machine, although not perfect, is today a reliable one. It constitutes an obstacle to aggression which must not be underestimated.

The Atlantic Alliance is purely defensive. It was conceived in that spirit and it has developed in that spirit. For many years I followed its development as a Minister. For nearly three years now I have been watching it grow from the inside. I can assert categorically that I have never heard either its military authorities or its civilian authorities make the slightest allusion to its use for aggression. What we are building up is a defensive system capable of resisting aggression or, better still, sufficiently powerful to prevent aggression. We have deliberately accepted this entirely defensive position regardless of its many drawbacks from the strictly military point of view.

In spite of the success which has undoubtedly attended our efforts—since 1949 the Communists have made no further attempt to dominate Europe—there is no concealing the fact that the task facing us today, as it will be tomorrow, is important and difficult.

I can sum up all our problems by saying that what we have achieved with such marked success in the field of collective military security must now, without fail, be extended to the political and economic fields. This faces us with a tremendous task, for though it is comparatively easy to mobilize the forces of our respective countries to cope with an immediate and clearly visible danger such as that of invasion, it is extremely difficult to take similar action in order to solve a long-term problem like that of the economic challenge which the Communist world has thrown out to the free world.

Early in 1956, the Foreign Ministers of the NATO countries, sensing the importance and urgency of these problems, appointed three of their number, Mr. Lange, Mr. Martino, and Mr. Pearson, "to advise the Council on ways and means to improve and extend NATO cooperation in non-military fields and to develop greater unity within the Atlantic Community." The report of the three Ministers, known as the "Report of the Three Wise Men," was approved by the North Atlantic Council on December 13, 1956. It has become one of the basic texts of the Alliance. With respect to the growth of the idea of collective security, it is an essential text. It deserves to be quoted in full. It is well worth rereading, for after three years its analysis of the international situation and of the need for Atlantic cooperation in all fields is still valid.

THE advice of the Three Wise Men is easily summarized. What they said to the partners of the Atlantic Alliance was this: "Consult together systematically. Do nothing, even say nothing, that may have international political implications, until you have informed your allies of your intentions and have discussed with them the possible consequences of the action you are contemplating." The Three Wise Men, by speaking as they did, laid the foundations for a new form of diplomacy: collective diplomacy. This experiment, if seriously pursued, can bring about great changes in the Western world and give a completely different connotation to the military alliance.

Has this experiment been completely successful? I cannot say that. It is in any case so recent and so audacious that some years must be allowed to elapse before definitely pronouncing it a success or a failure.

What I can vouch for, however, is the favorable progress it is making. Certainly as regards the relations between East and West the new form of procedure is working well.

I keep hearing people say that NATO is in the throes of a crisis. Although it is perhaps difficult for me to be completely without bias regarding this so-called crisis, I can assert that for my part I see no signs of it, at least where it is generally believed to exist by those who talk so much about it. We are, however, faced with a very real problem, and in a moment I shall tell you in what direction I think it lies.

To me the differences some have sought to establish between those members of the Alliance that are "difficult" and those that are "easygoing" in regard to negotiations with the Soviet Union always appear artificial. On principles and essential points I have never observed any serious conflict. It is natural, and all to the good, that the tactics advocated for use in the course of negotiations sometimes give rise to lively discussion. How could it be otherwise? Differences in the temperament of the men concerned are sufficient to account for this. However, during the long Geneva Conference, agreement was eventually reached between the Western negotiators and was invariably endorsed by all in the Permanent Council of the Alliance. When one considers the difficulty of conducting negotiations with four powers, and still more with fifteen, one can only be struck by the encouraging results obtained, results undoubtedly due in some measure to the practice of permanent consultation within NATO.

It is therefore certain—in any case, it is my own profound conviction—that collective solidarity within NATO has been greatly strengthened in the political sphere. I think it can be confidently asserted that serious disputes like those which arose in connection with the Suez affair are inconceivable today. Although this enables us to measure the progress accomplished, it must not cause us to lose sight of present-day realities.

After all, NATO as originally conceived was only a regional arrangement. Today a regional arrangement is inadequate. The Communist threat is universal, world-wide. Political consultation confined to the problems of Europe and North America is obviously too restricted in scope. Can we afford to disregard Asian and African problems?

THE concept of world strategy, so strenuously advocated by General de Gaulle among others, is a logical one. It is unreasonable to view and attempt to achieve the security of Europe and America without regard to the rest of the world. Consultation within NATO must therefore become broader and more penetrating. The treaty itself must not be modified, nor the NATO countries as a whole required to enter into further military obligations. Neither of these imperative conditions can be infringed. Nevertheless, I consider that where problems involving Africa, the Middle East, and Asia are concerned, the Western powers most directly interested should meet in restricted groups within which they would endeavor to coordinate their military and economic policies for these areas and relate them to their European strategy.

Such an attempt would seem essential at the present juncture, and were it to fail I should be somewhat pessimistic, not perhaps regarding the continued existence of NATO, but as to its real effectiveness in the long run.

Despite the importance of these questions, and despite the progress achieved by the organization in the field of political consultation, I have not yet touched upon the real problem of the future.

Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States has recently ended, and it is too early to make an appraisal of all the

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results of his trip. I shall therefore indulge in a little prophesying. I believe we are entering into a new phase of international politics. Peaceful coexistence is going to replace the cold war.

This will be the second attempt, for the first commenced at the close of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party and terminated with the Hungarian revolution.

Let us rejoice without restraint to see the danger of war recede. Whatever form the Communist challenge may take, anything is better than an armed trial of strength. We must, however, not allow our justifiable satisfaction to blind us to reality or let our joys mislead us into easy optimism.

Our military unity and political consultations are as necessary as ever, but the time has come to concentrate, in particular, on pooling our economic resources. It is now more apparent than ever that the Communist challenge is global and not directed by the USSR at the United States alone. The Communist world as a whole is challenging the free world as a whole, and all the nations of the free world must take up the challenge jointly. The task bristles with difficulties. It is easier to mobilize the strength of the West for military purposes than for a combined economic effort.

The economic field still affords a refuge for every nationalist illusion and for nationalist self-seeking.

The danger must not be minimized. There is no call, at present, to compare the merits of a managed economy with those of a free economy, though it may be necessary to do so one day. What we must realize, however, is that within the framework of the proposed peaceful coexistence, the USSR is capable of devoting to its political ends, not only the whole of its own economic resources, but also those of all the other Communist countries, and that we are quite incapable of doing likewise in our world of free competition at home and abroad.

Although economic and social dictatorship as practised in the Communist world is conceivable only against a totalitarian background and is therefore quite unacceptable to the West, we must not conceal from ourselves the vast potentialities of such a system. We shall be unable to withstand its impetus if we cannot subject our dispersed efforts to some kind of discipline and cease to squander our intellectual and economic wealth.

To my way of thinking, this economic and social battle constitutes the great problem of the second half of the twentieth century. In many respects it reminds me of the struggle conducted by the proletariat of Europe during the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth.

The basic problem is that of the distribution of wealth. Yesterday it set the poor classes of a *nation* against the rich. Today it sets the poor nations of the *world* against the rich.

It will no more be solved by charity than by paternalism. The only solution is for the NATO partners to make a combined technical, economic, and, of course, social effort. In this field, some partial but important progress has been made. The most important is the creation of the European Common Market.

The great public does not yet clearly comprehend the revolutionary character of this achievement and the hopes it inspires.

Not only has the economic and commercial life of six European countries been deeply influenced; not only can an ever-increasing extension of their mutual contacts be foreseen; but this experiment, by raising new problems, has already led to novel solutions.

Seven other European countries have created a free-trade zone, and are trying to find a common ground for agreement with the Common Market.

Beyond the immediate difficulties inherent in all this, one can perceive, without exaggerated optimism, a not too distant future in which agreement will be reached to bring about better economic order and more opportunities for free Europe.

There will then remain the problem of combining this effort with that which the United States, Canada, and perhaps other Commonwealth countries could make in the same direction to try and solve with efficacy the great problem of the underdeveloped countries.

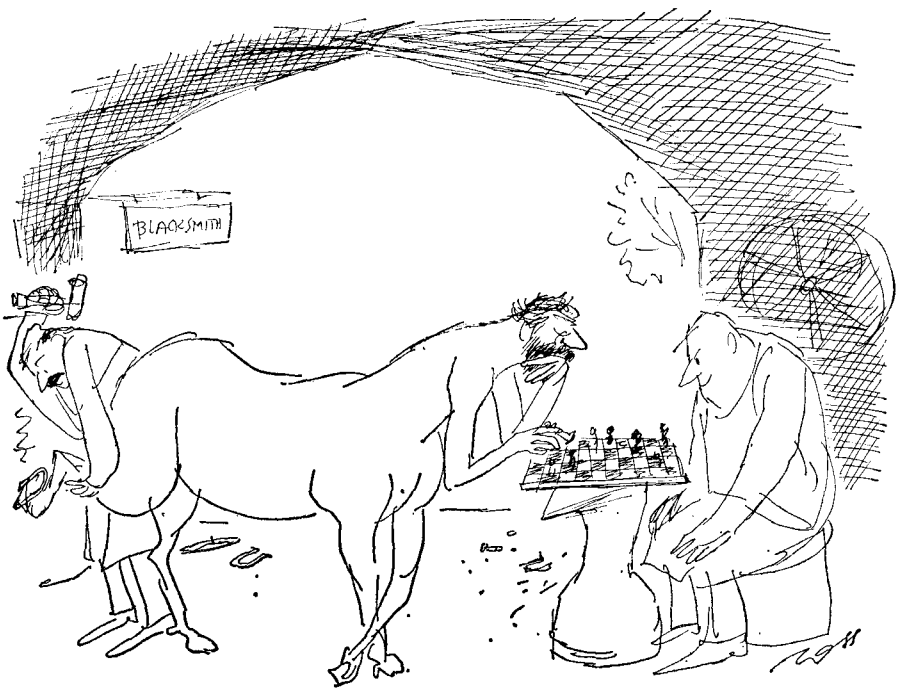
We must not delude ourselves into thinking that we can count on any form of collaboration between the Communist world and the free world for the implementation of a policy of assistance to the underdeveloped countries. Unless I am much mistaken, action in certain underdeveloped countries will constitute one of the most important strategic weapons of the Communists during the period of peaceful coexistence.

Our own strategy must not be different. There can be no question of inventing a new kind of colonialism or of perpetuating a system incompatible with our times. What we must do is to carry out a lofty policy which, on a footing of complete equality, will win over the greatest possible number of countries to the basic principles of our civilization. Those who share our conceptions of life and our ideals should have first call on our help.

WHEN all is said and done, the great thing is not to know who will mine the most coal or produce the greatest quantity of steel, however important this may be. What really counts is to know under what regime mankind is most likely to fulfil its destiny without loss of freedom or dignity.

That is the true meaning of the struggle in which we are engaged, and that is what we must get the peoples of the world to understand, our own first and then all the others.

In this struggle, the consequences of which are incalculable, only the collective solidarity of the free countries can give us the victory.



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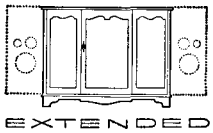

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—*Henri Dauman.*

Vladimir Horowitz—"A composer should learn to draw before he paints."

HOROWITZ AT HOME

SR/RECORDINGS

APRIL 30, 1960

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By JAN HOLCMAN

It is over five years since Vladimir Horowitz last performed in public. This is not the only lapse from public performance in a career dating back to 1922 (he was inactive from 1936 to 1939), but already the longest. In his first published interview in seven years, the great Russian-born virtuoso discusses some thoughts and activities of what he terms "among the most interesting" times of his life.

"I HAVE to be in a proper mood for such a responsible conversation," Vladimir Horowitz told me over the telephone when I called to arrange an appointment. The next time I called, he was too tired: Emil Gilels's visit of the previous day had lasted until 3 A.M. The usual times for Horowitz to receive his limited number of visitors are those when all good children have long since retired. Thus it was shortly before 10 P.M. when I called at his home in the East Nineties. He was surrounded by books in several languages —"Composers on Composers," Busoni's book, "The Essence of Music," in a translation, Tchaikovsky's letters. Also indicating the considerable amount of reading he is doing these days was a curious little volume by Anton Rubinstein, in Russian, lying together with dozens of others. Two majestic Steinways occupied the far side of the music room.

Ten years had passed since I last saw him. In outward appearance he

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has changed little. He seemed to be in a remarkable mood, more relaxed than ever, indeed kind; willing to talk and willing to listen. He displayed an extensive interest in many things and many people, long before he began to talk about himself. Even then he did not abuse the word "I," which to the foreign-born always seems strangely egotistical for being capitalized: in most other languages, the capital respect is given to *You*.

Conversationally, the comfortable journey began with some spontaneous associations. For an instance: why was Chopin so impressed by Kalkbrenner's technique though he didn't appreciate Thalberg's? How would a Bach fugue have been interpreted by Chopin, as against the way Beethoven might have played it? Then, references to Chopin's correspondence, which seemed very meaningful to him. This led to the then uncertain fate of Carnegie Hall, painful to Horowitz through many associations, though he has not performed there lately. Horowitz agreed that Chopin's praise for Kalkbrenner could have been motivated by his own weak fourth finger. Kalkbrenner probably mastered the independence of this "troublemaker" to an unbelievable degree, as has Horowitz himself, for that matter. Mention of Chopin also prompted Horowitz to remark that he was half as much a Pole as Chopin, being descended from a Polish grandmother, whereas Chopin's father was French, his mother Polish.

Now Horowitz was telling me of his gifted Canadian pupil. "The boy won a high prize in Geneva; he split it with the Italian – yes, Pollini, who just won the first prize in the Chopin International Contest in Warsaw." By a curious succession of allusions we came to the composer to whom Horowitz has been giving much of his thought lately. First it was Paderewski, whose name reminded Horowitz of Toscanini's high praise for a performance of the "Emperor" Concerto he once heard in Paris. "He played it," Horowitz quoted Toscanini as saying, "in a very beautiful manner, especially the second movement." This led to mention of Schnabel, and the high praise he had expressed in a letter to Rachmaninoff for the latter's playing of a Beethoven work. Out of this came a reference to Horowitz's own researches in Beethoven. "You know, in these intricate matters, scores, manuscripts, examination of documents, you must be still better than the FBI." His remarks gave me the feeling that he is a researcher of independent integrity, not seeking to justify his own ideas in a conveniently matching edition, but searching out a basic truth wherever it could be found. "Pianists often ask me which edition I use. Did you know"—and he characteristically lowered his voice, as if discussing something confidential—"that Anton Rubinstein refused to prepare his own edition, and he had good reasons. Look at D'Albert, Lamond, Pauer, Bülow, Casella, Schnabel, and Tovey—all of them excellent, reliable musicians and all sharply differ in their Beethoven editions."

HOROWITZ plans to add to his recent recordings of Beethoven sonatas. It would not surprise me if, in this new phase, he decided to record sonatas corresponding more to his own tastes than to those of steady record consumers who are content with still another "Moonlight." I felt like applauding when I found that his wife (the former Wanda Toscanini) encouraged him in this commercial heresy—to record some of his favored sonatas even if they lacked nicknames.

His interest in Beethoven led to my discovery of another trait of the genuine researcher: integrity about what he knew, curiosity about what was new to him. Seeing how deeply he had become involved with the subject, I mentioned the little-known but very faithful Liszt edition of Beethoven. He was at once interested, and made no effort to pretend that he was acquainted with this valuable, but hard-to-find, version. Also of interest to me were his views on professional relationships: "Music was made to bring people into closer harmony: too often it sets them apart." Horowitz linked this tendency to artistic intolerance. "Everyone thinks his conception must be superior to any other." He didn't dwell on his own attitude, but I knew from several statements in other contexts that, for him, "no artistic concept is final."

Relative to a recent listing of Chopin recordings in *SR* [Ed. Note: *by J. H.*] Horowitz stated, simply, he would personally include the "Barcarolle" among his most successful recordings, but Rubinstein's Polonaise in A flat "certainly deserves to be listed before my own version" (the failure, for me, in the "Barcarolle" may have been avoided in another electronic setup, for its intentions are excellent). Horowitz also spoke with enthusiasm of Ignaz Friedman's performance of Chopin's Etude, Op. 10, No. 7, as matchless. Horowitz likes Ashkenazy very much, not to speak of Gilels, naturally. Gieseking he heard as far back as 1926 in Berlin, where he performed in an almost empty hall. "He played twenty-four preludes by Chopin and as many by Debussy. As an *artist*"—and Horowitz made his distinction clear—"he left a deep impression on me." Landowska was also warmly praised ("magnificent embellishments") and even Schnabel in, of all things, the finale of Chopin's B flat Sonata. "Technically superb, if you can believe me. . . ." The year was 1924, in Leningrad, before Schnabel began to neglect his technical obligations. He also recalled Rachmaninoff's term for the later Schnabel, "the great adagio player," assuring me that this had no sarcastic intent, but was a term of genuine admiration.

Horowitz today has many ideas on music, musicians, and keyboard education. Some have changed but slightly in thirty years. In 1932 he was quoted as saying: "In order to play even a small piece by a great composer you should know all his pieces, symphonies, chamber, and vocal music too." In 1951: A pianist, in addition to having a general musical education, "should familiarize himself with all a composer's works, including those for other instruments, or the voice." The 1960 variation on this theme: "To play well the first two parts of the 'Moonlight' you should know how to play many difficult masterpieces by Chopin and Liszt: if you wish to play a miniature with authority, you must be a 'Gradus ad Parnassum' performer." Recordings, he believes, can be a prime source of inspiration, to stimulate the sleeping imagination of a young virtuoso, but not to be *imitated*. "They have to be careful," Horowitz warns young players, "as there is no one artist, no matter how great, who has to his credit only superb recordings. As a matter of fact, many renditions are poor in conception or downright arbitrary, including," he added with a smile, "some of my own."

At the end of this impromptu interview, I was particularly glad to learn that Horowitz considers the last five years of his life among "the most interesting." They provided manifold opportunities for extensive reading, exchanging opinions with other musicians and persons of different interests, in addition to much else. Horowitz is not the typical wandering artist: he simply hates to travel and feels better at his home than anywhere else. He also makes his visitors feel at ease, as when he told me candidly his primary aim in inviting me: "Let us first find out what our young pianists could gain from this conversation, and then let us work more on it."

II

AT our next, more concrete session, it became clear that Horowitz's interest in teaching and pedagogy has increased in recent years, though he does not conduct regular classes. He is anxious to hear an extraordinarily talented young pianist, as he always hopes to find a truly rewarding artist to guide.

To begin with, Horowitz is opposed to any dogmatic "method." He prefers

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Swapping Time for Money

By NORMAN EISENBERG

WHATEVER significance it has in other areas, "do-it-yourself" in audio has a special attraction for the high fidelity-stereo enthusiast. It is, bluntly, a way of getting quality components at much lower than store costs by assembling them from kits. The owner of a single-channel system can furbish it with the added parts for stereo fairly cheaply; the hi-fi-hungry non-owner can build a new system, single-channel or stereo, by using kits almost exclusively. What it comes to, in a sense, is swapping time for money.

The kit contains the parts as well as the step-by-step instructions for assembling a finished unit. The buyer-builder supplies his own manpower, time, and work-space. Relieved of such overhead, the kit manufacturer can offer his product at a price considerably lower than is charged for the assembled unit. A factory-built turntable by Rek-O-Kut, for example, sells for $69.95. The same turntable, in knock-down form for assembly by the consumer, costs $49.95. This represents a saving of $20, and since the job of assembling should not take more than one hour, the kit buyer can feel he is being well paid for his time. To be sure, the dollar-to-time ratio is not always that high; it takes much longer, for example, to wire a tuner or amplifier than to assemble the pieces for a turntable, but the difference in cash outlay is ever present.

Of itself, the kit idea is not new; it dates back to the Thirties, when packages of parts and wiring diagrams were sold to radio hams for building short-wave sets. Later, kits were (and still are) used as a teaching aid in radio courses. Rising interest in high fidelity during the last decade produced a new surge of audio products in kit form; for the first time, the soldering iron and wire cutter took rank as household tools alongside the more familiar screwdriver and pliers. The response of so many buyer-builders to this trend has made of the kit business a growing industry-within-an-industry. Companies such as Heath and Eico have become specialists in kit production and packaging. Some of the large distributors, notably Allied and Lafayette, who had produced the pre-hi-fi kits, developed kit lines expressly for high fidelity. A few non-kit manufacturers, such as Bogen and Electro-Voice, began marketing some of their regular production units in build-it-yourself form. Some notable advances in audio design, such as the Dynakit amplifier circuit, were realized in terms of kits. The knock-down approach was applied to components that no one ever thought of as suitable for kits, such as the turntables by Rek-O-Kut, Thorens, Gray, and Weathers. To Heath goes the credit for bringing out the first tape recorder in kit form. And most recently, a company whose name had never been associated with kits—Harman-Kardon—has introduced a new line of stereo amplifiers specifically designed as kits for the home builder.

AS striking as this development may be from the viewpoint of more and more people taking unto themselves a new kind of self-employment, it is equally striking that among these kits may be found some of the best-performing audio components. Their quality level, as well as the attraction of low cost, has made of kits a rising force in the hi-fi field. Varying estimates of sales figures average about $12.5 million annually. Everyone agrees that kits are booming, and that more of them will find their way into hands that never before held a soldering iron.

If these hands are not particularly skilled or trained, they must be at least willing. For their part, the kit manufacturers have made an effort to evolve products that will come together successfully, and perform according to expectations. They have upgraded quality while simplifying construction and instruction. By contrast with the early days of electronic kits, when only the venturesome or the technically informed would dare probe the jungle of wires and parts under a chassis, today's kits are fair game for just about anyone interested. These factors doubtless contribute to the steady rise in kit sales. And not to be discounted are other aspects of this do-it-yourself wave: pride of accomplishment, hobby value, even a pleasant form of work-therapy. Finally, if some understanding of audio does rub off (it may, although this is neither a requisite for building nor a necessary effect), so much the better.

Kits can be found today for building record changers, turntables, tape recorders, loudspeaker systems, loudspeaker enclosures, cabinets for housing equipment, as well as all varieties of tuners and amplifiers, single-channel and stereo. For one who needs a specific component to round out or expand an existing system, the type of kit to be chosen would be self-apparent. For one starting from scratch, or approaching kits for the first time, it may be a good idea to proceed from something known to something less familiar in terms of construction techniques. Some may want to train their mental muscles in progressive steps this way, although anyone who has ever assembled a metal TV stand or similar knock-down items from parts and instructions furnished should feel qualified to tackle an audio kit. Indeed, it has been suggested that anyone with sufficient determination to open a carton in which household products are packaged these days should have little trouble with a hi-fi kit. The newest technique for most people will be soldering, but most kit instruction manuals devote special sections to explaining just that. In any case, the beginner is advised to practise a few soldering joints with scraps of wire and metal before going to the kit itself. A point that must be emphasized here, because it is often misunderstood, is that the kit builder need not have the technician's understanding of wiring diagrams and circuit symbols. The kit builder works from specially prepared illustrations and makes connections to parts that are identified in everyday language. Thus, what a technician might call the "hot lug on the filter" would be labeled in the kit manual as the "second metal lug under the large round can next to the tube."

Obviously, for most people, the kits for building cabinets—to serve as loudspeaker enclosures or to house other equipment—would be the easiest since they are in the familiar realm of wood, nails, glue, and screws. Assembling a speaker system is only a step beyond this, involving a few simple wiring connections, such as between the loudspeaker and the crossover network. Putting together a turntable may take additional patience; some of the fittings are critical but by no means beyond anyone's native ability to "insert piece X so that it lines up with piece Y." Actually, building these units is more a mechanical than an electronic chore.

The real heavy wiring and involvement with electronic parts—tubes, resistors, capacitors, transformers—comes with building a tuner or amplifier. But the assembly of these parts is worked out in successive stages which need not (indeed, most of the time, cannot)

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be completed at one sitting. Thus, the kit builder should have, in addition to time, some work-space where the unfinished unit can be left undisturbed until he returns to it later. It used to be agreed that amplifiers were more likely to come together successfully than tuners in inexperienced hands, since wiring and post-assembly "alignment" were quite critical in the latter. Recent improvements in many tuner kit designs, however, widen the margin for successful construction by the amateur. The use of pre-aligned "front ends" (the first tuning stages), and prefabricated printed circuit boards for critical wiring sections has enabled many beginners to construct such a unit, and end up surprised and pleased that it actually worked. Models by Lafayette, Eico, Heath, and Knight are worth considering; the Lafayette KT-500 stereo tuner ($74.50), in particular, performs like a factory-built tuner costing a good deal more. Also, word is out that Dynaco, Inc., which is responsible for the deservedly praised Dynakit amplifiers, soon will bring out a quality tuner in kit form with virtually foolproof construction features, and at a comparable price.

It is among amplifier kits that the buyer will find the widest choice of units, with various power ratings and control facilities to meet most any need or personal taste. Very likely the abundance of good amplifier kits is due to the fact that it is relatively easy to rationalize amplifier circuitry in terms of kit assembly. To the names already mentioned may be added Acro, Grommes, Regency, PERI, Precise, Paco, Techmaster, and Arkay. This particular area has seen the most development, in terms of the equipment itself as well as remarkable improvements in the simplification of instruction manuals. At this writing, the most impressive of amplifier kits is without doubt the new Citation line of Harman-Kardon. This includes a stereo preamplifier and dual 60-watt power amplifier, both thoroughly professional units. These kits are the highest-priced ($159.95 each) and take the longest time (though they are not necessarily the most difficult) to build. Yet their design, circuitry, acoustic results, and even the manner of their packaging set a new high in amplifier construction and performance, kit or no. For less money, an excellent choice for the preamplifier would be Lafayette's KT-600 at $79.50; for the power amplifier, the Dynakit Stereo-70 ($99.95). Correctly built, equipment such as this puts the owner in the Cadillac class of home audio equipment, at nearly a "lowest 3" cost.

—But Season With Humor

By JOEL TALL

A YOUNG writer I know came up to see me one day not long ago. "I'm building a stereo job," he remarked, casually, albeit with a glint of pride in his eye. "Really," I brightly replied, "what kind?" "An ————," he replied, "and I'm keeping a record of the time I spend on it. Up to now it's been —— hours." (Note to the cognoscenti who have built kits: I don't dare even guess how long it takes to build a kit. It varies with the intricacy of the equipment, the intelligence and experience of the builder, and the clarity of the instructions furnished with the kit.) "Are you following the picture diagrams?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "if it weren't for the pictures I wouldn't know what I was doing at all."

That's your typical hi-fi kit builder. There are others, however, who appreciate the quality and appearance of the completed kits but lack the time to do it themselves. These either buy factory-wired kits or hire one of the new breed of professional kit builders. The results in either case have been excellent. Kits evidently give you your money's worth and are certainly here to stay.

It has probably never before been so easy as it is today for an amateur to build a piece of electronic equipment. Making even the simple crystal receiver of forty or so years ago required more cerebral effort on the part of the "wireless experimenter" than putting together a "dual 90-watt stereo amplifier" requires of today's do-it-yourselfer. Budding engineers in 1917, and for years thereafter, were forced to improvise with what was readily available. For instance (if you can bear to read the fond recollections of a maundering old "experimenter"), my first radio receiver consisted of a crystal, imported from Germany at the tremendous cost of $5.00 (saved nickel by nickel), a tapped tuning coil wound with bell-wire on an empty Quaker Oats box (we consumed Quaker Oats in Gargantuan quantities to get the boxes), two tap switches, and not much else. Of course you know that simple crystal receivers could be tuned to a station by adjusting the two tap-switches, one rough-tuning, the other fine-tuning. Once tuned in, no one would utter a sound until the station identified itself. There might be eight or ten persons listening in, each with a headphone pressed tightly to one ear. Then came the thrilling announcement, "This is AMRAD, Medford Hillside, broadcasting the police reports." Ah, the miracle of radio!

Later, year by year, came developments that made improvisation less compulsory. One could buy manufactured parts—it even became unnecessary to wind coils. Vacuum tubes, improved versions of De Forest's Ultra-Audion but inefficient by today's standards, sold for $8.00 to $10.00 with no guarantee. They burned out very easily, too, especially if the filaments were fed a little too much voltage. Audio amplifiers—and the first power speakers (powered by storage batteries)—became more common. The *New York Sun* became the experimenter's guidebook; the guide, Larry Cockaday. His articles and circuits were read and followed by thousands of eager amateurs. The drive toward "high fidelity" began in 1924 or thereabouts. RCA brought out a deluxe superheterodyne receiver in a cabinet large enough to house a small pony. The loudspeaker system consisted of two flared metal horns, one fed by a "low-frequency" unit and the other fed by a high-frequency unit. These units were not the dynamic speakers of this era. They resembled modern telephone earpieces but were adjustable—and they were "hi-fi" (in 1924). There were no kits then as we think of them now, nothing prefabricated for home assembly.

NOWADAYS one of the most important parts of any kit is the illustrated manual. The first order of business is to read the manual once or twice. Then adhere strictly to the directions. Don't ever flatter yourself that you know more about the kit than the engineers who designed it. After nearly forty years of experience in designing and making electronic equipment I am accustomed to working from a diagram, but I still follow the picture-diagrams and instructions attentively, part by part and wire by wire, simply because I know that that's the sure way to get the job done right. There are reasons for every tedious little step. So place your faith in the pictures and the numbered step-by-step directions, check off each operation as you complete it, and

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The Master Classes of Bayreuth

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

WIELAND and Wolfgang Wagner's revolutionary approach to opera staging is by now a well-known commodity. Prior to visiting the Wagnerian mecca last summer, I was unprepared for another innovation, the Bayreuth Festival Master Classes. Under the direction of the composer's granddaughter, Friedelind, a unique study program has been inaugurated that could eventually do much to stimulate our musical culture—operatic in general, Wagnerian in particular.

During her winter residence in the States (she became a citizen in the Forties), Miss Wagner, assisted by Alexander Merovitch and Robert Gutman, selected twelve young artists from over 100 applicants for the first Master Class sessions. These singers, directors, designers, conductors, and lighting devotees became the first Americans to invade the almost sacrosanct Festival grounds as students. They took full advantage of the situation.

My first encounter with Master Class participants took place during a "Fliegende Holländer" performance. Two of them were spotted watching from atop the lofty backstage towers. Others dodged stagehands as they observed the proceedings from the wings. In the confines of the covered orchestra pit, student conductors kept one eye on the score, the other on maestro Wolfgang Sawallisch. The novice-professional integration was carried on during the intermission, too, when Southern drawls could be heard mingling with Bavarian dialect at the stage canteen.

The idea of a Bayreuth training program is not new. It was originally suggested by Richard Wagner himself, and his widow Cosima actually opened a short-lived *Stilschule* in 1892. However, there is a decisive difference between the classes of Friedelind Wagner and those of her grandmother. The present venture is open only to professionals connected with some field of opera. Cosima's student body, on the other hand, was primarily made up of inexperienced Wagnerian singers. Since the Bayreuth Festival is in effect the private enterprise of the Wagner family, the producers can afford to be radical. Thus Bayreuth provides a unique creative atmosphere beneficial both to the refinement of operatic talent and the formation of artistic criteria.

IN addition to the privilege of attending five weeks each of rehearsals and performances, the Master Class pupil is given an extensive lecture and seminar program. Almost every angle that even remotely concerns opera is covered. Members of the festival staff coach the singers not only in Wagnerian roles, but in the standard German operatic and Lied repertory as well. An acting workshop for singers and directors is set up in Bayreuth's little municipal theatre, which would otherwise stand empty during the summer months. The noted German actress Ilse Laux, who studied with Max Reinhardt, directs this program. Karl Schmitt-Walter, Bayreuth's superb Beckmesser, heads a studio for diction and musical language problems. A wide-ranging list of outside lecturers includes the Metropolitan's Herbert Graf, musicologist Edward Downes, Yale's theatre historian A. M. Nagler, and psychoanalyst Max Friedlander. The latter's series, tackling the psychoanalytical interpretation of Wagner's "Ring" and "Parsifal," is of unusual interest.

Perhaps the most impressive guest is Walter Felsenstein, director of Berlin's *Komische Oper*. As a *régisseur*, Felsenstein represents the opposite extreme of the abstract theatrical schemes of the Wagner brothers. For balance, Friedelind Wagner feels that it is invaluable to expose young artists to Felsenstein's elaborately realistic concepts as well as to her brothers' symbolic ones. She escorted class members to Berlin to see three productions at the *Komische Oper*, and engaged Felsenstein's chief desgner, Rudolf Heinrich, to lecture on related subjects. (Even Wieland Wagner has been heard referring to Heinrich as a genius!) When Felsenstein himself came to Bayreuth for one of his very rare lectures, he became so engrossed with the American students (and vice versa) that the meeting spilled over six hours. Only the rise of the "Meistersinger" curtain could interrupt the discussion.

Despite a generally relaxed atmosphere, I found the students' industry amazing. So did the Bayreuth staff. When not at classes or doing research at the Wagner Archives and Museum, the young Americans practised German with their host families, or brushed up their repertories for auditions. On a rare free day, they flocked to other German cities: to Bamberg for an exhibition of model sets, to Mannheim for a designers' convention, to Munich for a Strauss opera.

THIS year's classes will have two new features. For the first time, aspiring conductors will have the opportunity to direct members of the festival orchestra for practice sessions. Max Kojetinsky, the house's chief assistant-conductor, has agreed to supervise in matters of interpretation, analysis, and technique, while the regular festival conductors will be available for special consultation. Also new to the curriculum will be a division devoted to th atrical architecture. This will be led by Thomas Münter (builder of Klein Haus in Stuttgart) with Walter Unruh, Werner Gabler, and Willem Huller. Friedelind Wagner plans to take the architecture students on a tour of opera houses, old and new, from Malmo to Salzburg during the first part of the summer. Later, each participant will work on a model theatre of his own. This project, the brain child of one of last year's design students, is being given with

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Robert Gutman, Dorothea Fischer, Randolph Simpson, Wieland Wagner, Boris Simich, Frances Marlin, Mary MacKenzie, and Leon Shiman.

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THE SOUND OF HISTORY

WITH THE latest album of the History of Music in Sound—"The Age of Beethoven (1790-1830)," Victor 3LM 6146, $17.50—one encounters a monumental work that commands respect and attention on all planes. This is, of course, the most recent in the series undertaken jointly by the Oxford University Press and RCA Victor, linking individual volumes in the New Oxford History of Music with recorded examples performed by artists of standing. The current volume, edited by Gerald Abraham, is eighth in the series. Two more are to follow: "Romanticism (1830-90)" and "Modern Music (1890-1950)."

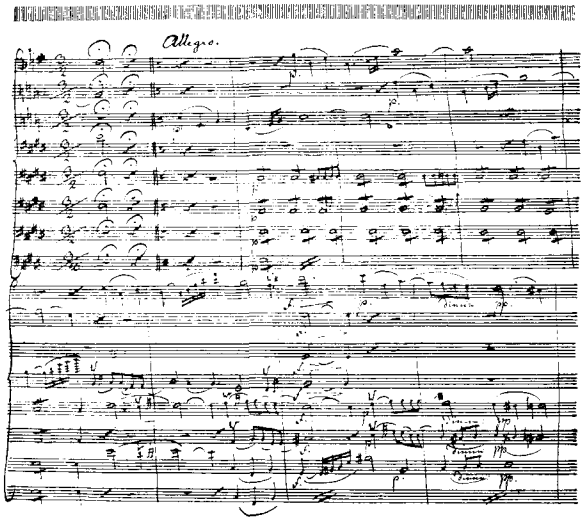
This reviewer, mindful of the labyrinthine library stacks and endless drawers of filing cards usually associated with old or infrequently played music, has found the new album a revelation, in that splendor of sound can be quite compatible with rarity of performance. A case in point is the music of Spohr, contemporary of Carl Maria von Weber, and up till now—in this writer's experience—a dusty name in annals of the "Freischütz" period. In the latest volume of the History of Music in Sound, one hears music by this master that will certainly open new horizons and give reasons to revise previous lines of thought. A scene from Spohr's opera, "Jessonda" (the finale of Act I), first produced at Cassel in 1823, is vital material of poetic quality, interesting not only as a forerunner of Wagnerian exoticism, but for its own singular strokes of vocal and instrumental color. The episode is well performed by a group of singers, including Alexander Young, Nancy Evans and April Cantelo, with Mosco Carner conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Spohr's great contemporary, Weber, is represented in the album by Lysiart's monologue from the beginning of Act II in "Euryanthe." For those listeners unfamiliar with this excerpt—one of the peaks of romantic opera—the stirring performance by Michael Langdon and the London Symphony Orchestra (Mr. Carner again presiding) should offer much of interest. Italian opera of the period is conveyed in essence by part of the final act of Rossini's "Otello"—beginning with the melancholy off-stage melody of the gondolier, followed by Desdemona's Willow Song—which provides not only an interesting basis of comparison with the more familiar music of Verdi, but also a source in itself of high artistic pleasure. Not only are the vocal lines handled with enormous skill and sensitivity (to be expected of Rossini), but the instrumentation is resourceful, rich, and varied. The mezzo-soprano part of Desdemona in this version has been ably performed by Nan Merriman, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind.

French opera of this burgeoning period is also given its due. Significantly, two of the three works chosen for excerpting were composed by Italian masters, Cherubini and Spontini, but in so French a style as to have formed historical models for the Parisian repertoire. The less convincing of the two is the duet from Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées" (also known as "The Water-Carrier"), a "rescue" opera of the period, with the stilted, rather academic vocal lines to be found in the same composer's "Médée." It is a pity that, according to the admirable accompanying booklet prepared by Mr. Abraham, "Orchestral music, as such, disappears from the *History* with this volume. . . . Choral music also has been regretfully omitted. . . ." for the grandest work by Cherubini is indisputably his Requiem, from which an excerpt would have been welcome as a guide to choral developments of the period. The superb piece from Spontini's "La Vestale," "Sur cet autel sacré," is sung with enkindling effect by Rita Gorr, although this great mezzo finds some of the upper reaches of the soprano role of Julia a bit high. The French excerpts are concluded with a scene from Méhul's "Joseph," not only gripping in itself but amazing in the kind of influence it must have had upon Berlioz in his dramatic composition of certain episodes in "Les Troyens."

Chamber music of the period is represented by a movement from the F minor Piano Quartet of Prince Louis Ferdinand; the Adagio and Allegro from Spohr's Octet for strings and winds (a delectable work foreshadowing some of the chamber atmosphere to be found in Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos"); and a Divertissement by John Field for piano and string quartet. There is piano music (much of it attractive) by Tomásek, Dussek, Clementi, and Hummel; and songs by Zumsteeg, Schubert, and Loewe (the famous "Edward").

For anyone interested not only historically but artistically in one of the richest creative periods in music, this new album offers an enormously gratifying yield.

A MORE modest but rather entertaining recording along the same lines has come from Archive Productions, History of Music Division of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. From the period labeled "Western Europe from 1650 to 1750," we are given three cantatas by Jean-Philippe Rameau: "L'Impatience," "Diane et Actéon," and "Orphée" (ARC 3123, $5.98). The melodies are enchanting and, in this album, well sung; only a certain kind of assembly-line similarity in the declamation of all three cantatas precludes full enjoyment. Perhaps matters might have been otherwise had Archive Productions furnished, along with its explanatory material, the full texts to be followed with the music. Certain undoubted poetic subtleties might then have been grasped. As matters stand, aural dulness does tend to creep in after a while, despite the ingratiating nature of the music.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

Opening of *Allegro*, Spohr's Octet, Opus 32.

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Recordings in Review

Brahms to the Szigeti Standard

BRAHMS: *Concerto in D, Opus 77. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Herbert Menges conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury SR 90225, $5.98.

It is not only in the lexicon of youth that there is no such word as "fail": given the amount of will-to-achievement that has always characterized Joseph Szigeti, plus his own particular kind of impulse, the result is something one would hardly consider possible. That is to say, a performance of the Brahms Concerto equal in many respects to the one he made twenty-five years ago with Sir Hamilton Harty, though he is now, at sixty-eight, at an age when most string players prefer teaching to the concert hall or the recording studio.

How much toil and trouble went into the two days of last June when this recording was made in London only those who were present could say. But out of the takes and retakes there has been assembled a final version which has the flaming fervor, intellectual distinction, and the artistic individuality which have made the Szigeti name what it is.

Yes, the scoffers might scoff, but how does it sound? It sounds like Szigeti, no more nor less: wiry in the upper reaches of the E string, sometimes rough in heavy passages elsewhere, and only smoothly songful in passages where such sound is indispensable (the Adagio, for example). In some broad, striding passages of movements one and three, the effort the player expends to keep up with Menges's rightfully relentless pace is almost visible as well as clearly audible (some skittery bow strokes and awkward movements between positions): but he always does manage to make it. Intonation? In terms of the weather bureau: fair to cloudy.

The contribution of Menges is no inconsiderable one, for he as well as his orchestra have responded with warmth and sympathy to the kind of challenge the work presents to Szigeti. Whether in the background strings or the solo oboe in the slow movement, this is always partnership, not merely performance. Szigeti uses the Joachim cadenzas, integrating them artfully into the whole. The resonant Watford Town Hall has been well utilized to produce a stereo sound which is a model of solo-ensemble proportions.

Szigeti—"flaming fervor, intellectual distinction"

More of Maazel

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3, "Tragic" Overture. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Deutsche Grammophon DGS 712010, $5.98. RESPIGHI: *"Pines of Rome";* MOUSSORGSKY: *"Night on Bald Mountain";* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Capriccio Espagnol." The same.* DGS 712026, $5.98.

Sometime in the future, when Lorin Maazel has succeeded to the direction of some American orchestra now under discipline of an "interloper," we may discover the unstated reason for which he was engaged to make these and several earlier records with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. If the thought is not too shocking it may turn out that it had to do, really, with his merits as a conductor—of which the present examples present the best evidence.

Maazel—"grown up to its responsibilities as well as privileges."

Among these are a strong sense of affinity with the orchestra, toward which Maazel is neither overbold nor underassertive; a fine feeling for balance and dynamics; an instinctive, or carefully cultivated, steadiness of pulse which more celebrated men might envy; and a capacity for getting at the music in what he has recorded so far. This last attribute is perhaps the most precious of all, for it is the end and purpose for cultivating all the other skills, and one which cannot be taught.

Although Maazel has just celebrated his thirtieth birthday, he has been dealing with problems of conducting since 1939, when he made some appearances as a prodigy at the New York World's Fair. To judge from the strength, clarity, and expressive accent of his Brahms, the color and vitality of his Respighi, and the animation of his Rimsky-Korsakov (alone or in combination with Moussorgsky), Maazel is one prodigy of the baton who has grown up to its responsibilities as well as privileges. A few more years of the methodical work which has brought him this far should give him a command unexcelled among his contemporaries, whatever their nationality.

Berg, Schoenberg, Webern

SCHOENBERG: *Five Pieces for Orchestra (1949 edition);* BERG: *"Altenberg" Lieder;* WEBERN: *Five Movements for String Orchestra. Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano.* Columbia MS 6103, $5.98.

Though Columbia was not included in the discussion of "Medici for Our Time" (*SR*, March 12), its place of priority among all manufacturers in the production of contemporary music is regularly affirmed by such releases as this one. Not the least of its interests is the revelation that stereo can serve a highly useful function in clarifying inner relationships of music written with a closer grouping of tonal elements than at any time past.

As Craft aptly demonstrates, Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg were masters who neither fumbled nor faltered in the execution of their conceptions. How accurately they have been represented by their past interpreters is another matter. Craft's painstaking preparation of the "Five Orchestral Pieces" shows a side of them not often dis-

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played previously: a richly sonorous blend of instrumental elements (in the edition of 1949) occupying a realm of tonal thinking all their own.

The same clarity of detail prevails on the Berg-Webern side, in which *Miss Beardslee performs* faultlessly the misty transformation by Berg of Altenberg's symbolism, and Craft adds to the "complete" Webern issued in 1957 the arrangement for string orchestra the composer made in 1929 of his early (1909) quartet. I can leave this whole realm of musical imagery much more readily than I can take it, but that does not lessen esteem for the skill, control, and devotion with which the problems it poses are solved. Strange, weird, disaffecting, yes; but always ear-caressing and tonally sure.

Beethoven by Stokowski

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air.* United Artists UAS 8003, $5.98.

Not many things have remained unchanged since September, 1927, but, fortunately for the music lover, Stokowski's conception of this work remains essentially as it was when first circulated with the Philadelphia Orchestra as Victor album M-17. Though it would seem almost impossible that he hasn't recorded it again since then, diligent search shows no evidence of a second version (either with the Youth Orchestra of the Forties, or any later group) prior to the present one. The early product was even included lately on the Camden label (as CAL 212), which must make it one of the most durable recordings ever.

Part of the reason for this was the outstanding quality of the orchestral performance, another part the exceptional pains taken by Stokowski to preserve as much as possible (c. 1927) of the sound. But there are other recordings for which as much might have been said, which didn't endure as long in use. Hence there must have been something special in the interaction of the conductor and the work.

What it was, and is, can be readily appreciated from this new edition—a lively response to the rhythmic dynamism of the score, a keen appreciation of the uncommon usage of the orchestral strings (especially the violas, cellos, and basses), woodwinds (in the slow movement) and horns (throughout), the kind of total comprehension of a musical work that makes every measure part of the whole. Unfortunately, that whole is somewhat contracted, in movements three and four, which occupy only twelve minutes (plus) on side two.

Beecham's Bizet, Karajan's Verdi

CONSIDERING that the Capitol "Carmen" (SGCR 7207, $17.98) brings together such singers as Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, and Janine Micheau, and that the London "Aïda" (OSA 1313, $17.94) is even more star-spangled with Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, Giulietta Simionato, and Cornell MacNeil, it may seem wilful to identify them by their conductors. But the particular conductors being the ones they are, the results are more colored by what each is trying to accomplish than even by what the personnel at their disposal is able to do about it.

Beecham, for example, has a decidedly specific idea of just how "Carmen" should sound, and the procedures by which to accomplish that end. It is clear that he conceives it primarily as a French opera, lit, for the most part, with that "Mediterranean sunlight" which so appealed to Friedrich Nietzsche. Thus he has sought out one of the best French orchestras (the French National Radio Orchestra) to give him the woodwind and string sound he wants, as near an all-French cast as he could reasonably find, a French chorus, etc. And he has recorded it in Paris.

In those last half-dozen words, however, comes the pay-off. For all his devoted efforts (and the pains expended to make de los Angeles's first try as Carmen a representative one), he has been most tried by the technicians. They have set him up in a big, resonant studio, but there is little indication that they have solved its problems of acoustic overhang and the bumptious presence of such noisemakers as timpani and cymbals. The aural values tend to float around in a sea of vibration, except where some damping has been tried and one particular sequence suddenly sounds different from the rest.

What results is a conflict of values, in which the spring and elasticity of Beecham's rhythmic definition, the delicacy and brightness of his orchestral colorations, the marvelous refinement of dynamics and dynamic contrast are sometimes heard darkly, as through a glass, or, again, with too much sharpness. This is unquestionably one of the most artistic conceptions of "Carmen" ever put down for discs, but it remains a frustratingly imperfect one.

Doubtless de los Angeles was chosen (in preference to someone identified with the role, or at least possessed of the conventional instrument for singing it) because her lovely, lively sound accorded with Beecham's conception, as defined above. But for all the lovely, lively sound, she does not have a lovely, lively personality for Carmen. Much in the first two acts is too kittenish and coy in the simulation of languor and sensuality, neither of which is in her voice or temperament. Devotedly as she tries, the effect eludes her. Once she is into "La mort" of the "Card Scene" in Act III, the role is more securely in her control: for this is straightforward "dramatic" opera singing (as she projects it) and can be made reasonably effective with or without the deeper sound of the customary mezzo. But "effective" is still not on the level of Beecham's work.

None of the others are completely suitable to the obligation they have undertaken, with Micheau the most appealing in her artistic, though far from youthful-sounding, Micaela. Gedda is amiable enough in Act I, but his "Flower Song" is hard going, his dramatics in the last two acts sorely trying to his sound. As Escamillo, Ernest Blanc rides the high end of the part better than the low, without making much of an aural impression in either.

Almost all the values of Beecham's "Carmen" are inverted in Karajan's "Aïda." Basically, he has only the most general idea of the kind of sound suitable to Verdi; but it is ideally reproduced by Culshaw and company. I accept the Vienna Philharmonic as an orchestra versatile enough to play this music as it should be played, but Karajan drives it constantly in a Wagnerian direction. Nor is the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde instructed in the way of giving out the "Guerra! Guerra!" of Act I to make the true Verdian effect.

Perversely, every tint and shading, appropriate or otherwise, is reproduced with maximum fidelity by London's team. The quartet of principals needs little endorsement from this or any other source, though a report on the vocal favor they enjoyed during these sessions last October may be in order. Tebaldi, to this ear, was tending toward the poorish form she showed in her winter's work at the Metropolitan,

(*Continued on page* 51)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta," "Hungarian Sketches." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2374, $4.98.	These performances are distinctively Reiner's own, to the extent that he sees more that is characteristic of the "Hungarian Sketches" in the "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" than many others would, and more of the "Music for Strings, Percussion, etc." in the "Hungarian Sketches" (orchestrations in 1931 of early piano pieces) than almost anybody else would. The result is to make the "Music" a more solid-sounding score, less febrile than in other hands, with an earthier folk character. Performances and recording are both first class.
Beethoven: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with the French National Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens. Angel S 35780, $5.98.	This is not Oistrakh's first version of the Beethoven concerto, nor even the first for Angel (he made it previously with Sixten Ehrling in Stockholm), but it is the cleanest, strongest and most exhilarating to his credit. Sometimes there is almost too much strength in his right arm, but it would be splitting bow hairs to find this a fault. Of particular interest is his playing of the Kreisler cadenzas: no previous performer (including the violinist-composer of them) has clarified the combination of themes as he does. Big, spacious sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral"). Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London CS 6160, $4.98.	To judge from the close attention to detail in this performance, Ansermet finds the countryside depicted by Beethoven as neat and orderly as his own Switzerland, and perhaps with something of its own climatic characteristics. A little too reserved to be termed genial, and more rustic than rollicking, it is nevertheless a performance of great refinement and purity of orchestral sound. There is real mountain violence in the storm, with a compact rather than booming timpani sound. And the "Hymn of Thanksgiving" goes at a tripping pace. The "Prometheus" Overture is provided as a lively encore. Ansermet's orchestra has rarely sounded so well.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6113, $5.98.	Of the three versions of the Brahms No. 4 to Walter's account (including one banked in England with the BBC Orchestra) this one has both the most substance and the most interest. It is compounded in equal parts of a deep sense of purpose, a ripe knowledge, and a still powerful command of the orchestral essence. An endorsement of Dr. Walter by Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times* is all the listener is offered by way of illumination of the record and its content. The anonymous orchestra plays very well, and the stereo is excellent.
Haydn: Symphony No. 45 ("Farewell"), Mozart: Symphony No. 36 ("Linz"). Pablo Casals conducting the Festival Casals Orchestra. Columbia MS 6122, $5.98.	Those who are committed to the thesis that everything done by Casals is musically unique and per se desirable will not be dissuaded by the information that the orchestra (Puerto Rico branch) is thin-sounding, the recording inferior to today's average (for all that it is presented stereophonically). For others, this price for sampling Casals's vital feeling for some aspects of the two works he performs may be more than they are willing to pay; in addition, he tends to some odd concepts of tempi in the fast movements, especially in the Haydn.
Martin: Petite Symphonie Concertante, Bartók: "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta." Leopold Stokowski conducting. Capitol SP 8507, $5.98.	Prospective purchasers are more likely to be attracted by the excellently played score of Frank Martin, a work of considerable musical interest not previously available in a stereo version, than by the Bartók, for which Stokowski has less affinity than Reiner (see above). Perhaps Martin's austere, uncompromising approach to the problems of performance has deterred the spread of knowledge about him, but such a recording as this should be a substantial help. The emphasis in the Bartók is on sonority rather than substance to the extent of some deviations from Bartók's directions. Both works are successfully served by the technical treatment.
Mendelssohn: Concerto, Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole. Mischa Elman, violin, with orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Vanguard VSD 2047, $5.95.	For reasons not readily apparent, Elman was more in the mood for Lalo on the occasion of these sessions than he was for Mendelssohn. There is a comparable amount of violinistic command at his disposal in both instances, as well as the sound for which he is celebrated, but the fine line of Mendelssohn is sometimes roughened and pulled out of shape by his emphasis, whereas the Lalo is tightly spun, deft, and insinuating throughout. The total sound is well distributed.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3034, $4.40.	This sizable production, though dating to 1944, has yet to yield all its secrets, and Sargent's treatment serves as a key to unlock a few more, especially in the first two movements. This result is the consequence of a steadier, more methodical treatment of tempi than is customary, sacrificing a fictive climax here and there on behalf of a stronger one at a later point. However, Sargent sacrifices the good impression of these sections with a rather turgid, undynamic playing of the slow movement (adagio). Lacking, still, is a completely convincing performance, though this is one of the very best in sound.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 in E minor. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6110, $5.98.	Fine performances of this composer's work are no stranger either to Ormandy or the orchestra, and this is one of the best (also their second collaboration in this particular one). After a good deal of acquaintance with the symphony, Ormandy has learned how not to go too far with its sentiment, providing a practically perfect blend of expansiveness and restraint. Unlike other groups, this one does not have to press to produce either the richness or volume desirable. Moreover, the microphoning has been done so skilfully that abundant detail emerges from the richly tapestried totality.
Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Berj Zamkochian, organ. RCA Victor LSC 2341, $5.98.	High fidelity, even "hi-fi," are put into the discard by the titling of this production as a "stereo spectacular." Unfortunately the implication of the term in TV has an uncomfortable pertinence here: RCA has produced more than a few recordings more deserving of special recognition than this one. It is a bright, clean sound and plentifully loud, but it doesn't possess, to my ear, the kind of resonant fulness desirable for the best results in this score. Also, Munch tends to hurry over some spots as if to apologize for their sentiment slightly. Without that sentiment, however, the work loses whatever special individuality it may possess.
Shostakovitch: Concerto (Op. 107), Symphony No. 1. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with M. Rostropovich, cello. Columbia MS 6124, $5.98.	Whether intentional or not, the juxtaposition of the latest and the earliest of Shostakovitch's works to be heard in this country invites attention to the artistic path he has followed for approximately thirty years. The evidence bears as much on retrogression as progress, for with all the compositional skills with which the concerto is organized, it lacks the vital ideas that animate the symphony. If nothing else, the vulgarly iterated rhythmic ostinato in the finale speaks the cheapening of Shostakovitch's once high standards of discrimination. The recording is outstanding.
Turina: "La Oración del Torero"; Ries: "Perpetual Motion"; Strauss: "Pizzicato Polka"; Bach: Air, etc. Morton Gould conducting a string group. RCA Victor LM 2317, $4.98.	Uncommon pains have been taken on all sides (choice of musicians, arrangement of microphones, skill in processing) to make this a holiday not only for strings, but also for string lovers. I can't pretend delight with Gould's "improvements" on Boccherini, but the level of musicianship and artistry is otherwise beyond reproach. —Irving Kolodin.

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the end of "Patria mia" being noticeably flat, likewise a stretch of her duet with MacNeil (Amonasro) in the "Nile Scene." This can be tolerated in the theatre, where contingencies determine consequences, but it is hardly the hallmark of the best studio work. Bergonzi sings much of Rhadames's music beautifully, though he is underpowered at the beginning of "Pur ti riveggo, mia dolce Aïda" in Act III. Simionato is a joy throughout, not least in her vivid, low-voice sneer at Aïda in the boudoir scene. But there is too much brightness and not enough warmth in the "Triumphal Scene" as Karajan depicts it, the lush, romantic glow of Iceland in the "Nile Scene," a great show of energy but not enough drama all the way through. —Irving Kolodin.

Season with Humor

Continued from page 45

you can't go wrong. The writer I mentioned above lost track of what he was doing during the wiring of a multiple-wafer switch, went blindly ahead and—well, you guessed it. The danged thing didn't work. Luckily, most kit instructions contain a clause, apologetically placed on the last page, that reads something like this: "If, in spite of our detailed instructions, you have made a mistake in wiring and can't find it, pack the kit carefully and mail it to us. We will fix it for *x* dollars and send it back in perfect working order."

There are a few faults to be found with at least one kit—which I won't name because by this time they have probably been corrected. I don't like plastic spaghetti (wire-insulating sleeve) of a certain kind because it melts or burns too easily. I know how to solder a wire so that the plastic spaghetti will not melt, but this failing must be very annoying to the tyro wireman. The old-fashioned fabric-based spaghetti, I think, is much easier for the average kit-builder to use.

Kit builders are, as a rule, a hardy and venturesome lot. They don't mind spending a long weekend—a very, very long weekend, perhaps—putting together what will be for a time their pride and joy. When complimented upon the outfit, the builder is prone to remark, in an offhand manner, "Yeah, I threw that job together last week-

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Mass in B minor. Pierette Alarie, Leopold Simoneau, Nan Merriman, and Gustave Neidlinger, vocalists, with Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Singakademie chorus. Westminster WST 304, $15.95.	A certain amount of wilfullness in a project of such magnitude is to be expected of Scherchen, and he does not disappoint. Mainly this has to do with plodding tempi, a lack of animation in his treatment of the instrumental elements behind the voices. Some of the later choruses make the profound effect to be desired, but consistency is not a feature of this treatment. That extends, also, to the vocal quartet, of whom Merriman alone maintains a high artistic standard. The others range from variable, in the case of Simoneau and Alarie, to downright inept work by Neidlinger (the able Alberich of London's "Rheingold" but no Bach singer). At top volume level the stereo is impressive, but it loses definition at lower levels.
Bartók: Rhapsody (Op. 1), Concerto No. 1. Leonid Hambro, piano, with the Zimbler Sinfonietta directed by Robert Mann. Bartók Records 313, $5.00.	Hambro is an excellent intermediary for Bartók, whether indicating the indebtedness to Liszt which underlies the lively first Rhapsody of 1904, or sketching in the developing individuality of the later man in the Concerto of 1926. On the whole his treatment is more lyric than the one heard from Reiner and Serkin with the New York Philharmonic recently, but the work does not suffer thereby. The orchestra in the Concerto is well directed by Mann, first violinist of the Juilliard Quartet, who makes his conducting debut on records a successful one. Skilful recording, also.
Beethoven: Octet in E flat, Op. 103; Dvorák: Serenade in D minor, Op. 44. Marlboro Woodwind Ensemble conducted by Marcel and Louis Moyse (Dvorák). Columbia MS 6116, $5.98.	Both performances of the engaging works achieve their objectives under the direction of the flute-playing Moyses (father and son). That is, apparently, to reproduce insofar as it is possible with a group of miscellaneous players (Alfred Genovese and Earl Schuster, oboes, Richard Lesser and Harold Wright, clarinets, Antony Checchia and Roland Small, bassoons, Myron Bloom and Richard Mackey, French horns) the precision and blend of the best French ensembles. What is sometimes lacking (especially in the Beethoven) is the kind of free-flowing individual impulse which may develop in a conductorless ensemble. In the Dvorák the players named above are joined by Christopher Earnest, French horn, Dorothy Reichenberger, cello, and Raymond Benner, double bass. The recording, on the premises of Rudolf Serkin's Marlboro (Vt.) Music School, is highly satisfactory.
Beethoven: Sonata Op. 47 ("Kreutzer"). Zino Francescatti, violin, with Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia MS 6125, $5.98.	The Francescatti-Casadesus conception of this work has been familiar for some time in a monophonic issue, and those admired qualities of personality, impulse, and fine sound are intensified in this rerecording for stereo (new). If there is a complaint to be voiced, it would be in respect to a little lack of power, something less than the weight of sound to realize the gravity of Beethoven's purpose (especially in the slow movement). It may also be noted that several competitive versions include an additional work, casting some doubt on the wisdom of Columbia's space distribution.
Debussy: Sonata (G minor). Lekeu: Sonata. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Riccardo Castagnone, piano. Epic LC 3667, $4.98.	As noted some time back (approximately 1957) when his conception of this work appeared on the Boston label (with Paul Ulanowsky at the piano), Grumiaux is as well equipped as any violinist of the day to do it justice. Combined with a lovely string sound is a keen artistic individuality and a long insight into the idiom of the composer. Castagnone (still without documentation on the record jacket) is as successful in this work as in the Schubert sonatas (with Grumiaux) released a few weeks ago. So far as the work permits, Grumiaux and Castagnone are equally at one in the Lekeu, though ashes from the Frank furnace are all too evident in its artistic residue. Wonderful sound.
Mendelssohn: Sonatas in B flat and D major. David Soyer, cello, and Harriet Wingreen, piano. Monitor MC 2045, $4.98.	Two works which exactly equal what one would expect of "Mendelssohn, for cello and piano" are performed with artistry and fine ensemble by the Soyer-Wingreen pair. One is elegant, refined, thoughtfully written, the other (D major) a little graver, more introspective. Needless to say, neither penetrates much below the rarely ruffled surface of Mendelssohn's musical personality. The processing is expertly done.
Puccini: Excerpts from "Gianni Schicchi," "Turandot," "Bohème," "Butterfly," "Manon Lescaut," "Tosca," and "La Rondine." Virginia Zeani, soprano, with orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia conducted by Franco Patane. London OS 25139, $5.98.	The material is as familiar as the sources suggest (all the expectable excerpts), but Zeani makes them absorbing with the drama she generates, the individual accent she imparts to what is too often a dutiful fulfillment of established procedure. She sacrifices some vocal velvet to her dramatic objectives, but the results are frequently arresting. There is real refinement in her vocal work, also a suggestion that she might be a distinctive performer in the theatre. The little-known Patane makes a contribution of value. The dozen excerpts include "Senza mamma, O bimbo" from "Suor Angelica."
Ravel: "Tombeau de Couperin," "Gaspard de la Nuit." Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3589, $4.98.	It is a welcome sign of Epic's interest in worthy talent (whether American or foreign) that it provides a further chance for Rosen, who showed superior qualities on London several years ago. His Ravel has flair and feeling, especially when the tempi are moderate and he makes the sonorous distinctions appropriate to the material. In "Scarbo," the fast and loud are sometimes both faster and louder than they need be, but this is a matter of improved control rather than a want of sensitivity, which Rosen has in ample measure. Good piano sound.
Ravel: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Alborada del Gracioso," "La Valse." Arthur Whittemore-Jack Lowe, duo-pianists. Capitol SP 8513, $5.98.	Restoring these works to the black and white of the keyboard from their more colorful association with the orchestra is a considerable challenge, to which Whittemore and Lowe react in a positive way, and with substantial success. It is not the subtle kind of pianistic Ravel one might hear from a pair of French performers (the Casadesuses, for example), but it has vigor, strong outlines, and a good deal of impetus. Alan Rich's commentary is more helpful than most, and the two instruments are accurately reproduced.
Schumann: "Scenes of Childhood," "Carnaval," "Papillons," and Sonata in F sharp minor. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol SPBR 8480, $11.98.	Like a cake which is in the oven, but not yet risen, Pennario can hardly be commended for the virtues in his mixture, or appraised as a finished product of the promise he represents. Sentiment and sound are two qualities indispensable for a suitable realization of the works he has chosen, and he provides them in certain conditions of speed and dynamics—most often, in slow movements or in the lyric episodes of "Papillons." Elsewhere he is apt to be carried away by the momentum he generates technically, and drive his sound too hard as well. Too often one has the sensation that the "expression" has been put in after the piece has been learned rather than being an integral part of a total conception.
Verdi: "Rigoletto." Richard Tucker, tenor, Gianna D'Angelo, soprano, and Renato Capecchi, baritone, with Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting the orchestra of San Carlo, Naples. Columbia M2S 901, $11.96.	Tucker's Duke is among his most admired efforts, but D'Angelo's Gilda, for all its potential worth, is not yet ready for recording, and Capecchi's Rigoletto is vocally undistinguished. For that matter, Tucker is often too strenuous in his treatment of this essentially lyric role. —I. K.

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end," when, if the truth were known, he'd been working on the thing for months.

We, in this country, may consider ourselves fortunate, however, in one respect: most of our direction manuals are models of clarity. No strange terms are used without explanation and, except as I have noted above, just about every part, including nuts, washers, and bolts, is pictured in actual size. Such clear exposition has not always been employed in instructions designed to be read and followed by the rank amateur, as witness this episode lifted bodily (with permission) from the pages of *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* (Nov. 29, 1956):

THE FAN BOSS MYSTERY

Of all the jargon dialects in which scientists and technologists of various kinds jabber their instructions at a mystified public few are quite so weird as that of the electrical engineer. A friend who is not much use with a screwdriver at the best of times and who has just bought a sensitive-looking record-player found a sheaf of diagrams and strangely worded exhortations enclosed with it, instead of the simple list of instructions he was hoping for. The most formidable of them, a great chart nearly three feet long, is covered with obscurely violent directions, and reads in places like the script of a Chinese thriller. There are three particularly fascinating characters who crop up quite often: the heroine, Cooling Fan, the sinister Fan Boss; and the engaging Idler Swivel Arm. At one point there seems to be a plot against Fan Boss: "If necessary, pinch the split neck of Fan Boss" (you can always recognise F.B. by his split neck). This is followed by a note of bland Chinese caution: "Do not close in too much as undue force may then be necessary."

This was all exciting enough but hardly relevant, our man felt. A closer look showed that in fact the chart dealt with the assembly and adjustment of the set and since it was already assembled and he had been assured that "adjustment should not be necessary" he put it thankfully on one side to read again on a dull evening. What does worry him, however, is the categorical imperative which he found on the instruction sheet proper. It reads:

"Normal receiver connect-direct to Pick-up Socket, Load Resistance ¼ to ½ Megohms. Diode Circuit must be discontinued from Volume Control. THIS IS ESSENTIAL."

So far his small, proud stack of new records remains unplayed and his dreams are haunted with horrible visions of a grossly smiling split-necked Chinese.

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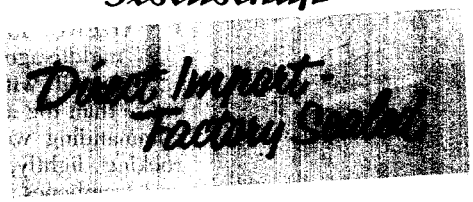

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Piano Concerto in D Minor, K. 466

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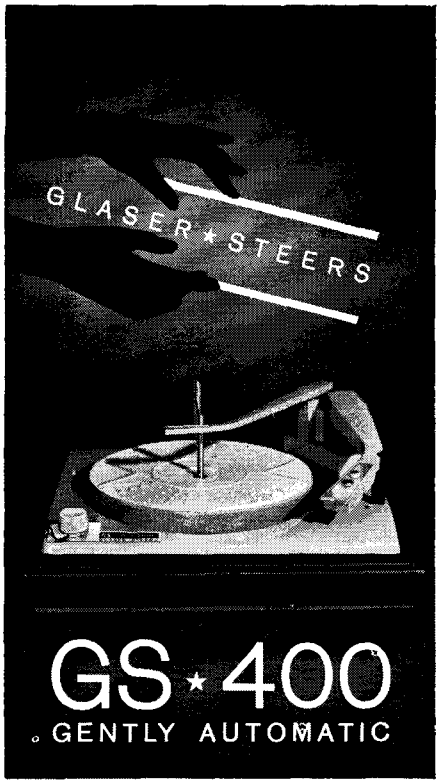

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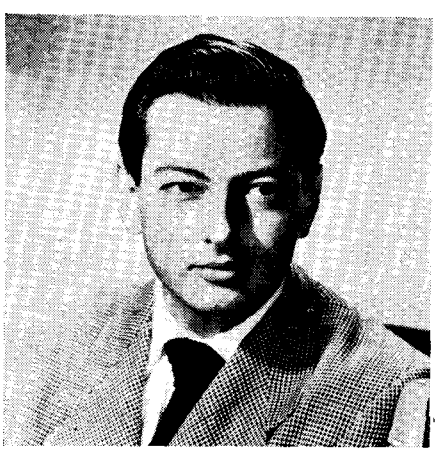
THE AMEN CORNER

To Miss Humes, in Spring

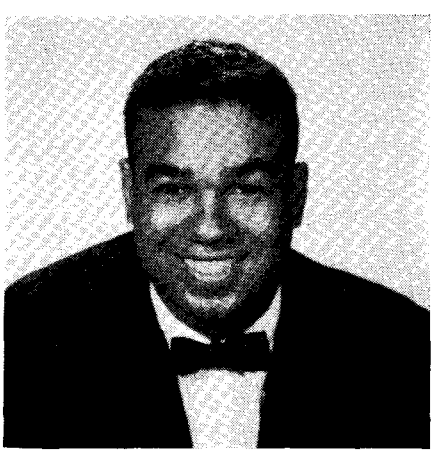
THERE IS nothing that fills a middle-aged jazz enthusiast like myself with more ardor for the cause than the memory of certain large, commanding women who have stood, rocking lightly, before the trumpets and trombones and projected the great works of the American syncopated tradition. I think especially, of course, of Bessie Smith (I never heard Ma Rainey in the authoritative flesh), and also of Mildred Bailey and, high among many others, of Helen Humes. To employ the terminology of one of my favorite bluestockings, Miss Humes used to sing with Count Basie's band in the mid-Thirties usedn't she? She certainly used. Now she is back again, and those who wish to test what her devotees have been saying about her for the better part of two decades may do so with what is for me the jazz record-of-the-month, "Helen Humes" (Contemporary M3571). Miss Humes is a singer of pliant force and vigorous sweetness, the very model of a jazz singer, utterly free of those features of self-congratulation which disfigure so many of today's canaries, and the wide range of her expression is demonstrated in a wonderfully varied programs: "You Can Depend on Me," "Trouble in Mind," "Among My Souvenirs" (a lesson in the avoidance of bathos), "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Star Dust," "Bill Bailey," "When I Grow Too Old to Dream" (the best version of this I know), "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," " 'Taint Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do," "Bill" (here she sounds like Helen Morgan in better health), "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," and "When the Saints Go Marching In" (she even manages to be fresh and kinetic with this one). Moreover, these *chansons* are accompanied not by sleekly packaged arrangements, but by a genuine jazz band, a small group of improvisers including marked stylistic divergences, but playing together in the informal, sympathetic, exciting fashion that has meant so much to jazz tradition. Thus the discretion of Benny Carter's trumpet joins the opulence of Frank Rosolino's trombone, the supple earthiness of Teddy Edwards's tenor saxophone meets the delicate invention of André Previn's piano, and superb rhythm is furnished by Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Shelly Manne or Mel Lewis, drums. Great musical pleasure, all around, and the season's best to the lady up front.

In another vocal tradition, Bobby Short returns with more of the wild glee, the mockery and humor and silvery lyricism which have made him so popular in Bentley and Austin Healey circles: "Bobby Short on the East Side" (Atlantic 1321). He plays his own flashing piano, including elegant imitations of Fats Waller's approach ("Truckin' "), and he is just the man to give a civilized sheen to old café favorites ("Looking at You," "It Never Entered My Mind") or to troll out a delicious bit of Caribbeanism ("Pretty Girl"), Ismael Ugarte is on the bass, and Johnny Cresci at the drums.

Three modern jazz pianists are to be recommended for various virtues. The Bill Evans Trio, with a splendidly subtle and inventive bass, Scott LaFaro, and Paul Motian, drums, presents young Evans in his very best form (Riverside 12-315). He devises richly original and lyrical textures around familiar themes such as "Autumn Leaves" and "Witchcraft," often managing



Andre Previn—"delicate invention."



Bobby Short—"more wild glee."

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to strike a delightful balance between the romantic and barrel house spirits. It is a conspicuous feature of his work that it is usually full of surprises without any sense of freakishness or novelty for novelty's sake. In other words, we have here a truly exploratory musical mind—one of the best in jazz. "This Here Is Bobby Timmons" (Riverside 12-317) presents the pianist who has recently been prominent with the Cannonball Adderley band and is the composer of a rocking number called "This Here," sometimes known as "Dish Here," and of another work frankly titled "Dat Dere." Timmons's music owes a great deal to the barrel house, the folk spiritual, and the most vigorous forms of Afro-American church music. His own tunes are muscular piano chants, played with fine control, and he can also invigorate such ballads as "My Funny Valentine" and "Come Rain or Come Shine." Sam Jones is at the bass, and Jimmy Cobb on the drums. In Joe Castro of Los Angeles we have a pianist who blends the most solid jazz spirit with a delicacy of feeling that finds particular expression in his sensitive use of changing dynamics. I have never been able to understand why so many jazz pianists operate for the most part on one dynamic level—a whole great musical resource is thus thrown away—and the tribe would do well to consider Castro's procedure. With Teddy Edwards, tenor sax, Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums, he offers Edwards's especially lovely "Play Me the Blues"—more than nine minutes of rhythmic trance—and one of Castro's own compositions is summed up by its title in which, with, I suspect, a certain tired irony, he has telescoped three words which have made so much recent writing about jazz difficult to contemplate: "Groove Funk Soul." As Louis Armstrong said in another connection, those who have to ask what they mean will probably have no way of discovering. In any event, the meaning is well illustrated by Castro (Atlantic 1324).

The Modern Jazz Quartet is forever reworking its old materials, and while I have sometimes felt that this bordered on supererogation, I am enchanted by an LP that includes the first recording of "Pyramid" as well as remodelings of "Vendome" and "Django." There are also "It Don't Mean a Thing," "How High the Moon," and "Romaine." The fastidious contrapuntalists have never seemed to me better, and their names, if one needs to know, are John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. There is not a moment of obnubilation (I owe the word to President Charles de Gaulle) on either side.

—Wilder Hobson.

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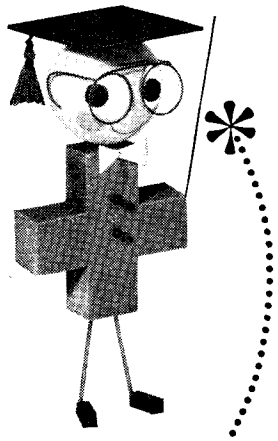

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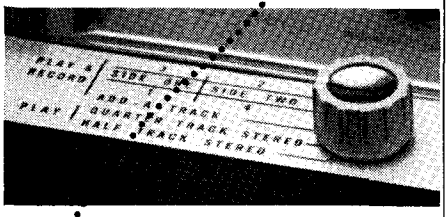

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THE GOOD NEWS today is that there is something new under the sun for those Savoyard faithful who claim that this same sun never sets on the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Never before has one of these operas been available complete with dialogue in a recording by the D'Oyly Carte Company (or by any other professional outfit, for that matter). What, never? No! Never! ("H.M.S. Pinafore" [Complete with Dialogue]. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. London stereo OSA 1209, $11.96, monaural A-4234, $9.96.) And, should a carping fan exclaim, "Well, hardly ever," while brandishing his recorded complete "Trial by Jury" to prove his point, he can readily be dismissed with the argument that there is no dialogue in "Trial by Jury." It is sung throughout.

From the familiar opening notes of the short overture to the last hurrah of the finale of Act II, veteran conductor Isadore Godfrey has kept the rhythmic and tonal brightness that best serves Sir Arthur's well-known melodies, even though at the outset one might feel that Gillian Knight's Little Buttercup song and Thomas Round's Ralph Rackstraw madrigal are taken a bit slowly. But with the entrance of Jeffrey Skitch's Captain Corcoran the tempi seem just right for a lively performance. And the recording quality of orchestra and singing voices is excellent.

The spoken dialogue, although for the most part very well enunciated with that clarity for which the D'Oyly Carters are proud and famous, suffers from a hollowness of acoustical background (as though in an empty hall) that at times makes it hard to follow. In addition, there is unevenness that suggests that the actor or actress has turned away from the microphone in the course of stage business. The total effect, though successful, can certainly be improved as the company undertakes to record other Gilbert and Sullivan operas complete with dialogue.

It will surprise some doubters to hear how well the Gilbert lines stand up. There is no question that this dialogue helps rather than hinders. And the realistic completeness of the recorded performance is repeatedly manifest in audible stage business: Captain Corcoran stamping his foot impatiently at having to follow an order with "If you please" . . . the smash of (unidentifiable) glass as Dick Deadeye is thrust down a hatchway . . . the rhythmic tread of marching marines (arriving, saluting, and departing) at the entrance of Sir Joseph Porter. Sir Joseph, incidentally, is played by John Reed, who has lately inherited the Peter Pratt-Martyn Green roles. One can fairly visualize his bell-ringing capers during the rollicking second-act trio "Never mind the why and wherefore." Yet, in this recorded performance —for that is the effect it creates— realism mercifully stops short of those interminable encores!

Arthur Sullivan as a student in Leipzig.

All in all, this new complete "Pinafore" should be a must for all Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts, and particularly for schools, clubs, and other organizations that traditionally attempt amateur (though often less than traditional) productions of the durable G&S repertoire. —REGINALD ALLEN.

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Bayreuth

Continued from page 46

the cooperation of Pietro Belluschi, dean of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology School of Architecture.

The members of the first Master Classes are already bringing back to America the fruits of a Bayreuth summer. Designer Leon Shiman learned so much about one aspect of his craft that he has been hired as special advisor to an acoustics firm while he completes his architectural studies. Mezzo-soprano Frances Martin came home signed for a year as member of the Darmstadt Opera, and has a contract to sing Ortlinde in Bayreuth's forthcoming new "Walküre." (Casting is luxurious in Bayreuth, for this same "minor" part was entrusted to none less than Birgit Nilsson in 1953.) Another singer, Mary MacKenzie, was forced to turn down a similar "Walküre" assignment, but has offers from Lovro von Matacic, the Bayreuth "Lohengrin" conductor, to perform with him in numerous European cities. Having recently won out as finalist in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, she will be a member of the New York company next season.

To maintain a high standard, and for reasons of manageability, Friedelind Wagner wants to limit membership to about twenty. But there are no age restrictions or professional preferences. Several of this year's participants will be college and workshop teachers who feel that a postgraduate course at Bayreuth will broaden their outlooks. If last year's start is any indication, they have been well advised.

For the Third Anniversary

to Tibor Tollas

By Donald Hall

ONE million colored cloths blew
in Budapest, as if the blocks
of houses had blossomed.

The faces of the girls
hung in the pause of wind
like flags. The cars of the frost
rolled in the garden.

The Hungarians watched
the sky for the white silk
they expected to drop
like apple blossoms.

No one arrived, and the sun
stayed in its own house.

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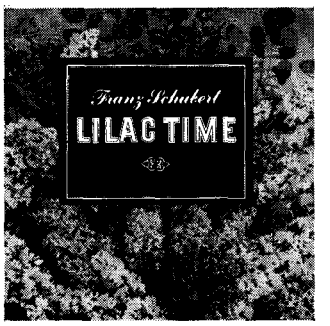
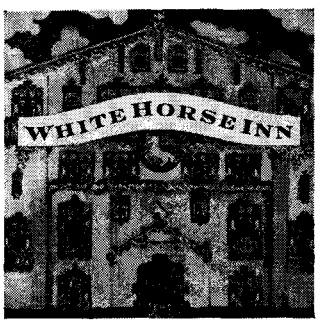


Remember "Blossom Time"? Here are all the lovely Schubert melodies—with lyrics translated from the original German—that have kept this operetta in bloom since 1916. Among them, the famous "Serenade," "Hark, Hark! The Lark!", "Under the Lilac Bough" and others.

Angel (S) 35817

"I'll See You Again"..."Zigeuner"...."Tokay"...hardly a melody in this musical that hasn't become a standard! Noel Coward called *Bitter Sweet* his personal favorite among all his shows. In this first extended recording, British musical comedy stars Vanessa Lee, Roberto Cardinali, Julie Dawn are featured.

Angel (S) 35814



A lively antidote for winter waspishness, this Tyrolean musical ran for 223 Broadway performances in 1936, with captivating Kitty Carlisle as the Inn proprietress. Since then it's waltzed its way from Berlin to the Belgian Congo—and now, Britain's musical comedy stars waltz it right into the catalog, for the *first* time.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Backhaus, Beecham, and Bream

THE CURRENT glut of Beethoven discs almost suggests that the 190th anniversary of his birth calls for special celebrations, but this, I fear, is no more than a striking proof of the recent trend toward a catalogue offering more and more versions of fewer and fewer works. With the appearance this month of the Third Concerto—on a disc also containing the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata — Backhaus has almost completed the first integral stereo set of the concertos (only No. 4 is yet to come). Although I am not a wholehearted admirer of his art, it cannot be denied that this astonishing veteran is, at the age of seventy-six, playing as well as ever; indeed, his technical mastery seems even more impressive now than eight years ago, when last he recorded these concertos.

Philips has simultaneously launched two mono/stereo sets of the symphonies, with Walter and the Columbia Symphony appearing on its own label, while Fontana features Europe's oldest orchestra, the Leipzig Gewandhaus (whose unbroken history dates back to a time when none of the symphonies had yet been written), under its present musical director, Franz Konwitschny. Konwitschny's handling of last autumn's "Ring" cycles at Covent Garden proved a major disappointment, but the Beethoven performances so far issued—Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 9—reveal the solid authority one would expect from a conductor holding two distinguished posts (his other charge being the Berlin State Opera), even if they do not bear the stamp of greatness. Whether the observation of every conceivable repeat lends to these discs an extra degree of "authenticity" is a moot point, but to anyone who has heard the works hundreds of times—the inescapable fate of a present-day critic—the sudden appearance of an unfamiliar first-ending cadence can come like an electric shock.

Undoubtedly the most distinguished contributions to this unofficial "festival" are Columbia's long-delayed stereo coupling of Nos. 1 and 8 by the Philharmonia under Klemperer and Decca's ravishing new "Pastoral" conducted by Ansermet. Beethoven music has never struck me as Ansermet's natural province, though he gave us a splendid account of the Fourth Symphony last year, and his Fifth contained much that was impressive. But this "Pastoral" is outstandingly lovely—lucid and warm, full of exquisite detail yet shaped as an entity, and constantly delighting the ear by the rare perfection of its orchestral texture. The recording, too, is of the finest, even by Decca's exalted standards. The Klemperer disc, despite some unusually measured tempi, is a joyous affair, though its appeal is more intellectual than sensuous. Even in a movement as lighthearted as the Finale of No. 1, Klemperer's structural grasp is altogether astonishing.

This month there is also a superabundance of new Beecham recordings. HMV's list features no fewer than eight symphonies: Haydn's last six, which complete Beecham's integral "Salomon" set, and Nos. 3 and 5 of Schubert—performances inimitable both in their virtues and vices, issued for the present only in mono form (with stereo versions promised for some future date), and the "new" "Messiah."

Undoubtedly "Messiah" will create the greatest stir. Sir Thomas had recorded it twice previously in his career, but this latest version may well prove to be his most controversial contribution to the phonographic repertoire. Even if they have not yet heard this wide-screen, technicolored version of Handel's most celebrated oratorio, readers of this column know what to expect from the Editor's review of it two months ago. They may not be aware, however, how it came about. The idea of a completely re-scored "Messiah" was Sir Thomas's, but the hand which carried out the task at his instigation was that of another British musical knight, Sir Eugene Goossens. Beecham paid the piper (out of his own pocket) and called the tune: new accompaniments from beginning to end using the full resources of the modern symphony orchestra. I cannot help but feel that the critics' "more in sorrow than in anger" reception of the Handel-Beecham "Solomon," little more than three years ago, may have started in Sir Thomas's mind a train of thought which grew into as flamboyant a snook as has yet been cocked at critical puritans. And what a devilishly good job he has made of it! No one with any feeling for style can possibly swallow so monstrous an assortment of orchestral effects, with a full panoply of brass and percussion, woodwind galore, harp, violin parts doubled at the higher oc-

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tave, and so forth. Yet so wonderfully vital is Beecham's conducting, so splendid is most of the singing and playing, that it undermines one's instinctive resistance and engenders in the critic's breast a love-hate relationship bordering on schizophrenia. If only . . . oh, but what's the use?

AFTER so nerve-racking an experience as this, Decca's new stereo "Pagliacci" is as good as a rest-cure, soothingly predictable in performance and recording. There is plenty of lusty singing and playing, but little musical or dramatic subtlety, while the sound lives up to the highest traditions of the Haddy/Culshaw stable. If, however, Mario Del Monaco is not altogether your cup of tea—and there are times when I grow weary of being sung at at home as though I were sitting at the back of the gallery!—you may prefer to share my delight at a wonderful disc by Peter Pears, surely one of the supreme artists among present-day singers. Published this month is a collection of English lute songs written around 1600 by Dowland, Morley, Campian, Rosseter, and others. Here the tenor is accompanied by Julian Bream; not only does this partnership produce performances, both grave and gay, of rare enchantment, but the disc also represents an outstanding achievement in the subtle art of program-planning.

RCA, in addition to its "Messiah," also offers fireworks of a more legitimate kind in the Horowitz/Toscanini broadcast recording of Tchaikovsky in B flat minor, while its debut recital of violinist Jaime Laredo is full of considerable promise. Oiseau-Lyre contributes two Suites from Couperin's "Les Nations" in skilled and profoundly scholarly performances by the Jacobean Ensemble, consisting of Messrs. N. Marriner, C. Pini, D. Dupré and, of course, T. Dart. Another Decca subsidiary, Argo, has brought out — between innumerable albums of Shakespeare—one of the loveliest recordings of unaccompanied choral music in my experience. It consists of Victoria's Responsories for Tenebrae, magnificently sung by the choir of Westminster Cathedral (London's major center of worship for Roman Catholics, not to be confused with the Anglican Westminster Abbey), under the direction of George Malcolm.

Interesting contributions from other sources include DGG's disc of Bartók's "Duke Bluebeard's Castle"—a beautiful, if slightly cut, performance sung in German by Herta Töpper and Fischer-Dieskau, and conducted by Fricsay—as well as a fine collector's issue: arias from "Aïda," "Trovatore," "Turandot," "Tosca," and "Cavalleria Rusticana" sung by Eva Turner.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Music to My Ears

(*Continued from page* 34)

formances in New York of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." As well as applying those qualities of vigor and spirit for which he is celebrated, Bernstein had clearly made the problem the province of his whole mind. The results were the most consequential of his career to date.

One could make a sound argument for the view that the "Missa Solemnis" is the most complicated problem in performance that the literature presents. On the one side there is the highly inflected musical text of Beethoven at his most sophisticated; on the other, the powerful affirmation of faith by a creator hardly matched in the intensity of his emotional convictions. Bernstein gave approximately even weight, in his effort, to the two mingled elements, with the greatest success in the affirmation of the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria." The broad line of the first was admirably sustained, the vocal (and instrumental) fugue of the latter taken at a breathless pace which tried but did not defeat the Westminster Symphonic Choir. The profundities of "Et incarnatus" were not so thoroughly penetrated, the transition from the "Crucifixus" to the "Et resurrexit" dependent more on physical shock than heightened spiritual force. Both the "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei" showed a sure understanding of Beethoven's purpose, but the slow tempi tried Bernstein's judgment of pace, which sometimes became sluggish. Overall there was a fine sense of large design, a virtuoso address to the sticky problems of leadership, an inherent rightness of direction in everything he did, which left no doubt he is on the right road to mastery of this imposing work. Eileen Farrell led the vocal quartet, her splendid management of the soprano's music being followed at a respectful distance by mezzo Carol Smith, tenor Lewis (doing double duty), and basso Kim Borg. The revealing difference came in the agitated "Agnus Deis." Miss Farrell's had the enveloping force of a thunderclap: the others did the best they could. Without question, Bernstein P.M. (post-"Missa") is a musician of larger stature than Bernstein A.M.

The week brought Dorothy Kirsten back to the Metropolitan for the first time in three seasons, at the last Saturday matinee's "Butterfly." To judge from the artistry, control, and sure design of her performance, Miss Kirsten should be a more regular visitor in the future than she has been in the recent past. "Butterfly" has long been a specialty with her, but it has rarely had such unspecialized virtues—good sound, fervent emotion, dramatic impact. —I.K.

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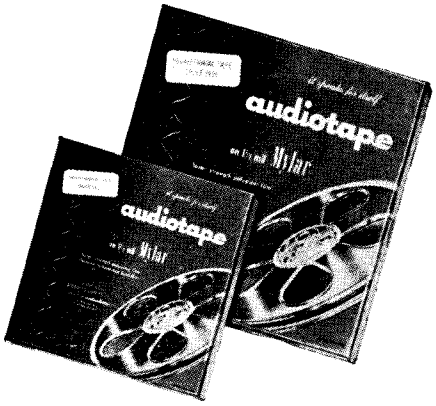

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Horowitz

Continued from page 43

an individual approach to each student. His is the physician's approach to a patient: a diagnosis must be established before a particular treatment is suggested. Bad habits, in youth, may too often be acquired from teachers who need teachers themselves. Like Anton Rubinstein, Horowitz seldom demonstrates at the piano or tries to impose his own interpretative ideas. Instead of dictating to a pupil what must be done, he encourages him to form his own artistic conception.

Now comes the long-awaited word, the dream and nightmare of all virtuosos of all ages: Technique. It is a mistake to suppose that Horowitz has some mysterious "tricks" for learning technique. Despite long years spent with his instrument, he is not able to explain how he attained his own stupendous mastery, "as I can't explain how I learned languages." There are some hints, however. While studying with Blumenfeld (who in turn studied with Anton Rubinstein), Horowitz received no recipes for technique. The way to technical perfection led, in a significant measure, through various purely musical approaches. For one instance, one should strive to render certain sections in several manners: first as if played by a flute, then by a cello, or a French horn. In other words, to imagine the piece instrumentally, in order to conquer it tonally. Contrary to common procedure, Horowitz never devoted time to studies of Czerny, Clementi, or Cramer, which he considers "bad for ear and touch."

He does not believe in so-called mechanical practicing, but he takes great care to practise with utmost accuracy and control, listening constantly to make sure that everything is properly measured, the "dose" precise. How close his technical and musical aims have been fused may be deduced from his own explanation about the fifth fingers, those real recalcitrants for pianists interested in tonal color. When he was twenty-eight, he already knew that "from the moment one feels that the finger must *sing*, it becomes strong." This approach of Horowitz follows the older traditions and reflects trends of the Russian school—that is, it leads to the *expressive* treatment of technique, to "singing" scales instead of metronomic monotony. He says "Technique is a temperament and a skill," and he emphasizes: "That means to have the right idea of what to do and the adequate capacity to carry it out."

His own habits have changed little since he described them some years ago: "It is not necessary to repeat the work all the way through. A piece can be practised 100 times and when it is taken to the stage it can sound simply like practising the 101st time—it is not fresh. In my work I play a new large-form composition all the way through to obtain an overall viewpoint of its meaning and structure" *(horizontal* view, the late Prof. Igumnov of Moscow would have said). "Then I do not play it all through again until it is ready for public performance." Before it is ready, Horowitz works at sections, passages, details "one movement today, another tomorrow." He advocates arduous, concentrated labor, though never mechanical. He believes the essential task for a teacher is to show a student how to form his own thoughts and to face, soberly, his strong points and limitations. "To strive for perfection" is one of his mottoes, and to do so without being inspired by false ambitions or expectations of quick and superficial rewards. Rather, to strive because of an inner obligation which every true artist must feel.

SPEAKING of polyphony and dynamics, Horowitz mentioned that it is not enough to emphasize the upper voice, to make the melodic line sing—it must pulsate like the voice of a great singer: "The wrist must *feel* the movement." Rubato in excess cannot replace insufficient dynamic shadings. An eloquent example comes from his own arsenal of recollections. Visiting Rachmaninoff in Switzerland in 1935, he heard someone playing Chopin on the radio. It was Cortot, who soon began to *rubatotize*. Rachmaninoff commented, laughingly: "Cortot is *so* musical. The more difficult the étude, the more sentimental he gets." Concluding his own observation, Horowitz says: "Dynamics are readily replaced by an exaggerated rubato. But the moment you know how to color a phrase, the excessive rubato disappears by itself. You have to know how to play piano and forte. You are not only a pianist: you are a *pianofortist* (or forte-pianist). Between these two *yous* there should be wide gradations."

In a long but necessarily fragmentary discussion of teaching, Horowitz offered this sincere, conclusive advice: Follow your honest and responsible teacher religiously—if you are fortunate enough to find one. As to other questions, he would sometimes parry them delicately, telling me that to keep a friendship on a close level: "Don't discuss, some say, three things: sickness, religion, and politics." Music, fortunately, was not included, so I was able to learn that 1,300 New Yorkers, "not all musicians, but actors, writers, and everybody," recently sent a petition to Horowitz,

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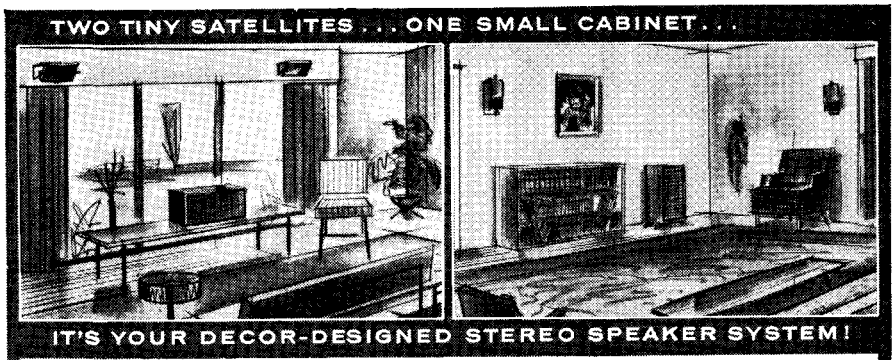
protesting his absence from the concert stage. Everybody in this world seems to think only of his *own* pleasure, as do these protesting admirers. Horowitz, who calls himself (jokingly) a "retired pianist" is only a bit tired pianist. He has on past occasions made evident that he is not only entitled but even obliged to perform in public exclusively when he decides for himself to do so.

Horowitz has several general ideas about young pianists as a group. "A pianist should have his own voice, like a singer, so you recognize him at once. How? . . . through the relationship between the stroked keys. Two or three of them are enough to create an individual character for a phrase. Rachmaninoff I would recognize after a few notes. Hofmann takes me a bit longer, with the exception of his technical figurations, like those in 'My Joys' where his runs sound like gargling. And this only with Hofmann." Perhaps "only," yet you may find quite similar, electrifying passages of "gargling" in some runs of Horowitz, as in the Czerny "Ricordanza." Horowitz also favors the light, non-legato finger technique related to Hofmann's unforgettable *leggierissimo*.

"All pianists should compose," says Horowitz, "and all the greatest ones did, if you care to review the past. Even Landowska did, and is she not an exception among artists of her sex?" Horowitz himself used to compose. "But to compose means many things," continued Horowitz. "Today we often learn modern harmonies before being sufficiently acquainted with the conventional ones." Here he turned to the piano and mentioned the remarkably visionary Scriabin, whose taste, in youth, for excessive dissonance aroused the ire of his teacher Taneyev. And he demonstrated to me, as Rachmaninoff had to him, the enchanting scene in which Taneyev sat at the piano and demonstrated to Scriabin how he would eventually have to return to the tonic, since all the world is round.

Horowitz firmly believes that every modern composer as well as painter "must first know how to draw before he paints." He believes, too, that a healthy regimen is as important for the artist as for anyone else. He likes to play for appreciative listeners and, as his recent recordings demonstrate, he is in excellent form. At our final, briefer meeting I recalled his early question "What can I do for our younger generation of pianists?" An idea suddenly occurred to me: "You can promise a 1961 recital on the strict condition that, through the efforts of the 1,300 who signed the petition, and as many others as are necessary, Carnegie Hall will definitely be saved and perpetuated for the future."



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

THE "SECRET" OF IMPROVISATION?

IF WILLIAM RUSSO's praise of John Mehegan's "Jazz Improvisation: Tonal and Rhythmic Principles" [*SR*, Mar. 26] is justified, every local of the American Federation of Musicians should make this book available to its members.

Here is the secret! Here is the answer to the musician's questions about "how to embellish the melody" and "what notes to add to the chords." It could provide rebuttal to those who insist that improvisation cannot be taught. It can be developed, broadened, and stimulated; more can be *learned* about it, but it cannot be taught. Just as well, they say, try to grow a flower without a seed.

It will also be enlightening to those pianists who read sheet music "note for note" to discover that there are those who regard these "unnecessary frills. . . , inadequate chordal symbols, and bass lines. . ." as just a glorified lead sheet—a skeletal structure upon which to build musical rhythms and harmonies.

The author's explanation of how to change "Tenderly" from 3/4 to 4/4 will be the solution to a problem which has long plagued even professional musicians. Especially grateful will be those small combos who get "hung" for a piano player on a Saturday night. Now, when a new pianist comes on the job with his little manuscript book filled with the leads to all the standards, he will be secure in the knowledge that the "Tenderly" bit won't throw him.

It would be *too* coincidental—but does the last sentence of the book read: "What, then, *do* we know about improvisation?" (With apologies to John G. Fuller's TRADE WINDS column of March 26).

D. HEFLICK.
Steubenville, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The book is a guide to procedure, not a collection of magic formulae.*

HOW "HIGH" IS COLLEGE?

UNDER "Recordings Reports: Folk Music" [*SR*, Mar. 26], Robert Sherman is in error in his comment on the record "American High Schools Sing American Folk Songs" when he says "one of the clubs is a ringer from City College in Baltimore."

The Baltimore City College is a cosmopolitan public high school for boys—the third oldest in the country—now 120 years old. For many years the school had a five-year course and took its present name in 1866.

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HENRY T. YOST,
Principal,
Baltimore City College.
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *1966 will round out one hundred years of confusion.*

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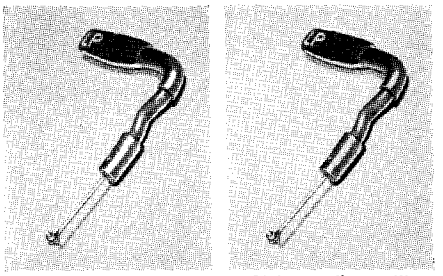

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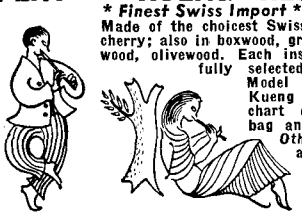

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VICKERS FOR DEL MONACO

ROBERT LAWRENCE, he of clever wit and—normally—unexceptionable sensibility in operatic matters, proposes Mario Del Monaco as John of Leyden [*SR*, Mar. 26]. The assignment would be a serious error.

By the most recent evidence given hereabouts (last fall, as Otello and Chénier), Del Monaco is flatly unable to sing in tune at less than triple forte; worse, his efforts between the "big" moments are so desultory as to imply he is solely concerned for his own opportunities. Very hard lines for music which wants fine ensemble, as "Le Prophète" would.

The mind boggles at Mr. Lawrence's choice. Why not elect Jon Vickers . . . who meets every requirement splendidly? Besides, Mr. Vickers sings in French with elegance.

RICHARD R. DANIELS.

Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The cast was recommended for a recording, not for the theatre.*

NONEXISTENT FAVORITES

EVERY COLLECTOR'S favorite game seems to be playing "A & R Man." Unfortunately, many of my favorite recordings, such as Toscanini's "Symphonie Fantastique" and Gieseking's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," can never exist.

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Being a member of the younger generation of record collectors, I am also fascinated by the Camden series. They are very educational and the price is right.

PHILIP HITES.

Canton, O.

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CAPE COD cottages and homes—season, month or 2 weeks, $90-$150 weekly. Over 450 listings. Nauset Real Estate, Orleans, Massachusetts. Telephone 552.

MAINE-WATERFRONT CAPE CODDER. Furnished, 4 bedrooms, electric kitchen, sandy beach. July $350. Box L-636.

EAST HAMPTON COTTAGES near water. Sleep three. Season $400. Box L-662.

COZY LODGE, Stoddard, New Hampshire, 1600' elevation. 175 acres, private woods on Highland Lake. Fish, swim, quiet. Sleeps four. Screened porch, boat, electric kitchen. Furnished $65 week. SPECIAL SEASON RATE. Call evenings FOrdham 4-4937. H. Freedman, 2701 Grand Concourse, New York 68, N.Y.

FULLY EQUIPPED, modern, 4 bedroom cottage, with garage, on Damariscotta River, Maine. Unobstructed sunsets, flower garden. Box L-642.

LAKE PLACID. Pleasant, 4 room cottage. Gas, electricity, boat, outboard, beach. $250 month. Box L-654.

NEAR MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL. Comfortable house. Suitable sharing. $500. Granich, Wilmington, Vermont.

CHARMING 3 bedroom, bath, artist's cottage. Secluded, swimming. Long season. $490. New Hampshire. Box L-778.

COLD SPRING, New York. Stone cottage, fireplace, brook, pool, all facilities. Car essential. Summer rental $450 plus utilities. Box L-756.

CAPE COD: 2 rustic cottages, all conveniences, on salt river overlooking pond; August only, living-dining room, 1 large, 1 small bedroom, sleeps 4 or 5, 2 weeks: $130; $275 August 1st to Labor Day. Smaller cottage sleeps 4, 2 weeks $120; 4 weeks $225, July or August. Rockwell, ORleans 1096.

LAKE COTTAGE—Unity, Maine, Professor wants quiet neighbors to share wooded point. All modern living conveniences. Outdoor sports. $500 season, $200 month. Dr. Albert O. Porter, Fort Schuyler, New York 65, New York.

ADIRONDACKS. Secluded lakefront cottage sleeps 8, 2 baths, $450 monthly. Box L-763.

COMING to WASHINGTON? Enjoy our 4 bedroom, air-conditioned house near pool and tennis. Exchange in August for your New England house. Pictures in January Better Homes and Gardens. Carr, 129 Martha's Road, Alexandria, Virginia.

STOWE, VERMONT. Route 100. Furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, modern kitchen. Panoramic view Mt. Mansfield. Season $800. E. G. Mercier, R.F.D. 1, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

GUATEMALA. Idyllic hilltop home, guest cottage, beautifully furnished. 4 bedrooms. On breath-taking Lake Atitlan. $300 monthly includes servants, motorboat. May-October. Box L-804.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Furnished sublet. 2 bedrooms, nursery. Near beaches. Shady lawn. Season/part. Reasonable. LEhigh 4-3403 NYC, Box L-793.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Revive in July. Unique, complete contemporary home. Views, varied activities. Catherine Allen, Chilmark, Massachusetts.

FIRE ISLAND, artist's unusual home. Privacy. $1,750. PLaza 8-3274 NYC.

WANTED FOR SUMMER RENTAL

JULY, AUGUST—Accommodations young family of five. Cottage, Inn, or. . . .?, within 40 miles Rowe, Massachusetts. Box L-765.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Unfurnished

UNUSUAL 7 ROOMS overlooking Hudson. Complete floor in private house, convenient to downtown New York. Kingsbridge 3-4997 NYC Sundays.

UPTOWN HOBOKEN, N.J., 10 minutes from Times Square, 4 room apartments, bath and heat, $55.00; 4 room cold water flats, $38.00. OLdfield 9-5604.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

GREENWICH VILLAGE, GAY STREET. Beautifully furnished 3½ room basement garden apartment, June through August. Asking $200. Box L-708.

APARTMENTS WANTED

FURNISHED MANHATTAN APARTMENT, year beginning August. Professional couple. Box L-764.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

KENT, CONNECTICUT, a small New England village and seat of three private schools, has need for a combined book, gift and record shop. Excellent location in town center available. Allan McDowell, Real Estate, Kent, Connecticut.

CAMPS

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. 35th year. Boys 7-18. 5 age groups. Near Old Forge. William Abbott, Box 2387, Fayetteville, New York.

SPEED-READING, Arithmetic, Languages, study skills, college preparation—water skiing, all sports. Coed, 6 to 15. Established 40 years. Keene, New Hampshire, GRANITE LAKE CAMP, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC. HIckory 5-5908.

LITTLE TIMBER CAMP in the Catskills. Coed, 5 to 12, all land and water sports, crafts, trips pioneering, ACA approved. Mature staff. Full or part season. Eight weeks $425. Write Blackman, 2961 Shore Parkway, Brooklyn, New York. TWining 1-3066-7.

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VARIED, PRODUCTIVE FISHING—Cottages combining charm AND comfort—Enticing food—Many-faceted vacationing. Leaflet—RUSSELL'S, BROOKTON, MAINE. May 30th-December 1st.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Best meals in Mexico $15.60 American Plan, double occupancy. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Cowslips! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SPRING on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Season opens May 22nd. Mountain laurel, azalea, rhododendron in profusion during late May-June. Folder. AAA—Duncan Hines recommended.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write, 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

EGGEMOGGIN, THE RESORT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. Private island in Casco Bay, Maine. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. O.S. Yale, Box 27, Yarmouth, Maine.

CAREER WOMEN—Studio Barn overlooking Cape Cod Bay. Loaf, paint. Box 26, East Sandwich, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Mountain-top rustic inn, forest-game preserve. Foot trails, beautiful laurel, rhododendron. Log fires, delicious food, friendly hosts. Restful, invigorating. May through October. Box 433, Route 1, Candler, North Carolina.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beautiful harbor view, beach, shore drives. Theatres accessible. Write for booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

WATERVILLE INN—Complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. Comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Write for color folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS love BRAEBROOKE for its gracious living and musical activities. Players often form permanent chamber music groups here. Swimming, tennis, golf. Very close to Tanglewood. American Plan, reasonable rates. Opening May 26th. Contact M. Weiser, 35 Orchard Place, New Rochelle, New York. NEw Rochelle 2-5117.

CHAMBER MUSIC ENTHUSIASTS: Enjoy vacation with music-making; Springvale, Maine, 1 to 3 weeks, July 17th—August 6th. Information: The Berkley Chamber Music Players, 315 West 98th Street, New York 25. UNiversity 4-0773.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. The ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2100' midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

MEADOW HILL. It's wonderful! Your own private hammock and 80 acres to swing it in. Oxford, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. Professional staff offers assistance in informal program of chamber music, painting, jewelry, ceramics. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. "Vacation with a purpose" for a week or more on college campus in beautiful Green Mountain setting. July 3rd to August 28th. Write: Evalyn Bates, Box "S", Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATIONS

THE FALES. 500 acres. Modern cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

LIMITED TO 50, our unique mountaintop "hideaway" in deep woods on a sparkling Berkshire lake offers just the ideal vacation retreat for business and professional people who like simplicity, unpretentiousness, unhurried vacation fun. Rustic lodge, cottages, cabins. Ideal swimming, boating, sunbathing, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, unsurpassed hiking. Fine food, indoor and outdoor stereo concerts our specialty. Duncan Hines recommended. CHANTERWOOD, Box 21, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T. Open Decoration Day weekend.

SQUIRREL INN, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine. Restful island resort off Boothbay Harbor, mainland utilities, 20 ferry trips daily. Sailing, swimming, fishing, tennis. Folder.

MEXICO CITY home. Monthly, weekly accommodations. Reservations necessary. Isabel Carbajal, Rio Amoy 17, Mexico 5, D.F.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Enjoy our scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. Excellent meals. Golf, tennis, shuffleboard, fishing. Near lovely shops, famous art colony, summer theatre. AAA recommended. For folder, rates, reservations write THE ONTIO, Ogunquit, Maine.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2,100 ft. altitude. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

COME VISIT WITH US! Picturesque Alpine chalet. Green Mountains. Scenic. Epicurean. Restful. Folder. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

LODGING FOR A NIGHT, of course. But you'll want weeks this summer on an Island In Time. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D ?

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 1, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

ONLY ONE HOUR FROM NYC. Relax at Westchester County's finest accommodations. Seventeen wooded acres. YORKTOWN MOTEL, Taconic Parkway at Route 202. Telephone YOrktown Heights 2-3822.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, CASTINE, MAINE. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

LAKE SUNAPEE AREA. Highest large lake in New England. FREE booklet. BOARD OF TRADE, Sunapee 8, New Hampshire.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their COLONY BEACH CLUB RESORT, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Phone FUlton 8-2131. Ideal Summer weather . . . Family rates.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. BELGRADE LAKES REGION, INC., Belgrade 7, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open all year. Our folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, Rhode Island. Modern housekeeping cabins. Recreation. Folder.

STAY IN A KENTISH OASTHOUSE? This is one of many English homes eager to offer you hospitality. Nominal rates. Write: MacGregor, 26 Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex, England.

VACATIONS

ON OLD CAPE COD: Capt. Bangs Hallet Guest House, Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts. Brochure.

PROVINCIAL MOTEL, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Cottage and overnight accommodations. Small—peaceful—homelike atmosphere. Beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. One-half mile to Summer Theatre—New York actors. Write.

TRAVEL

GREAT BOOKS SEMINAR in Europe, conducted by St. John's College. Annapolis, Maryland. June 30th—August 13th. Seven countries. $1,442.50.

STUDENTS—Don't rush through Europe. Savor the flavor with SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1960. Unusual experiences for young people. Coed. Brochure available. Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York, OLympia 7-6685.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

EUROPE BOUND? Have fun on your trip, take an Italian ship! **T.V. Irpinia, T.V. Ascania.** Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

STUDENTS, IT'S PLANNED FOR YOU—A summer abroad with PFE—Month's residence and study at Le Fleuron In Florence or 30 day stay in Paris with 40 hour course of study sponsored by Andre Maurois, Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin PLUS 30 day student tour—choice of 3 itineraries including USSR. . . . Round trip air transportation—60 days in Europe—$1,375—$1,450. Write for 20 page illustrated brochure. Paris France Europe Association for Study and Travel, 10 East 49th Street, New York 17, New York.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries, $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—and of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgium Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

WANT TO GO TO ITALY, but wary of tours and don't want to go alone? See Italy with Claude Marks, painter, lecturer, long-time Italian resident. Visit Ducal Palaces, Venetian Villas, via Margutta studios. Small groups, emphasis on comfort, price $1,299. Leave New York June 11th by jet and return July 20th. Write at once. Mrs. Sue Marks, Hotel Chelsea, 222 West 23rd Street, New York 11.

GOING TO PARIS? What to do, Where to go, Where to eat and stay? Send for your free "American In Paris Club" guide. P.O. Box 3180 Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

CARIBBEAN SEMINAR TOUR June 24th-July 5th, Boston Branch, W.I.L.P.F.—Dorothy Hickie, 18 Brimmer Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1362

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Subject of immense popular craze in the Gay Nineties.

B. Rash.

C. Hepatic.

D. Derogatory term for one who imitates a person versed in the laws.

E. Any herb of the genus *Galium*, because of ancient uses to which these were put.

F. What eight to twenty bananas may constitute (2 wds.).

G. The architect's low side window.

H. Indehiscent legume which at maturity breaks into one-seeded joints.

I. Charcoal prepared for making gunpowder.

J. Maternity ward.

K. Any of the Isoptera.

L. Where a shot should be crippling but is considered to be generally stimulating (3 wds.).

WORDS

88 167 193 112 11 29 36

120 178 50 27 76 103 179 93 12

153 46 35 51 171 15 91 138 194

141 10 97 30 150 176 94 9 86

119 3 166 149 33 101 48 7

32 2 113 184 160

182 17 75 79 71 177 99 162 59 4 102

111 147 168 89 124 164

156 83 96 74 165 105 135 38 115

84 8 18 28 186 67 158

172 66 58 47 118 110 159

68 114 131 117 42 108 148 56

DEFINITIONS

M. Author, "Portrait of Jennie" (1894-).

N. Two books of the Apocrypha.

O. Slang for a mythical creature of undefined character; gadget.

P. A method of administering the Sacrament.

Q. Thievish (comp.).

R. Pertaining to the Danaï.

S. Published schedule of charges, esp. as issued by a common carrier.

T. Investigation.

U. Pertaining to the Milky Way.

V. To make thin; diminish.

W. Like a beak.

X. The fifth power of a number.

WORDS

180 132 25 146 14 192

63 77 157 190 183 151

78 19 40 126 53 127 45 100 123 170 21

122 136 143 34 92 72 85 22 54 109

140 134 6 62 37 189 106 95 181 87 52

173 188

43 98 187 163 64 107

133 70 154 80 60 175

73 31 128 161 20 142 26

90 152 16 39 69 121 130 81

145 116 61 155 41 129 191 1 57

23 144 44 65 169 82 104 139 185

137 13 55 24 125 49 5 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 V	2 F	3 E		4 G	5 . X	6 Q		7 E	8 J	9 D	
10 D	11 A	12 B	13 X	14 M	15 C	16 U	17 G		18 J	19 O	20 T		21 O	22 P	23 W	24 X
25 M		26 T	27 B	28 J	29 A	30 D		31 T	32 F	33 E	34 P	35 C	36 A	–	37 Q	38 I
39 U	40 O	41 V	42 L	43 R		44 W	45 O	46 C	47 K	48 E	49 X		50 B	51 C	52 Q	53 O
54 P	55 X	56 L	57 V	58 K		59 G	60 S		61 V	62 Q	63 N		64 R	65 W	66 K	67 J
68 L	69 U	70 S	71 G		72 P	73 T	74 I	75 G	76 B	77 N		78 O	79 G	80 S	81 U	82 W
	83 I	84 J		85 P	86 D	87 Q		88 A	89 H	90 U	91 C	92 P	93 B	94 D	95 Q	96 I
	97 D	98 R	99 G		100 O	101 E	102 G	103 B	104 W	105 I	106 Q	107 R	108 L	109 P	110 K	111 H
112 A		113 F	114 L		115 I	116 V	117 L	118 K	119 E	120 B	121 U	122 P	123 O	124 H		125 X
126 O		127 O	128 T	129 V	130 U	131 L	132 M	133 S	134 Q	135 I	136 P		137 X	138 C	139 W	140 Q
141 D	142 T		143 P	144 W	145 V		146 M	147 H	148 L	149 E	150 D	151 N		152 U	153 C	154 S
155 V	156 I	157 N	158 J		159 K	160 F	161 T	162 G	163 R	164 H	165 I	166 E		167 A	168 H	169 W
170 O	171 C	172 K	173 Q	174 X		175 S	176 D	177 G	178 B		179 B	180 M	181 Q	182 G	183 N	184 F
185 W		186 J	187 R	188 Q		189 Q	190 N	191 V	192 M	193 A	194 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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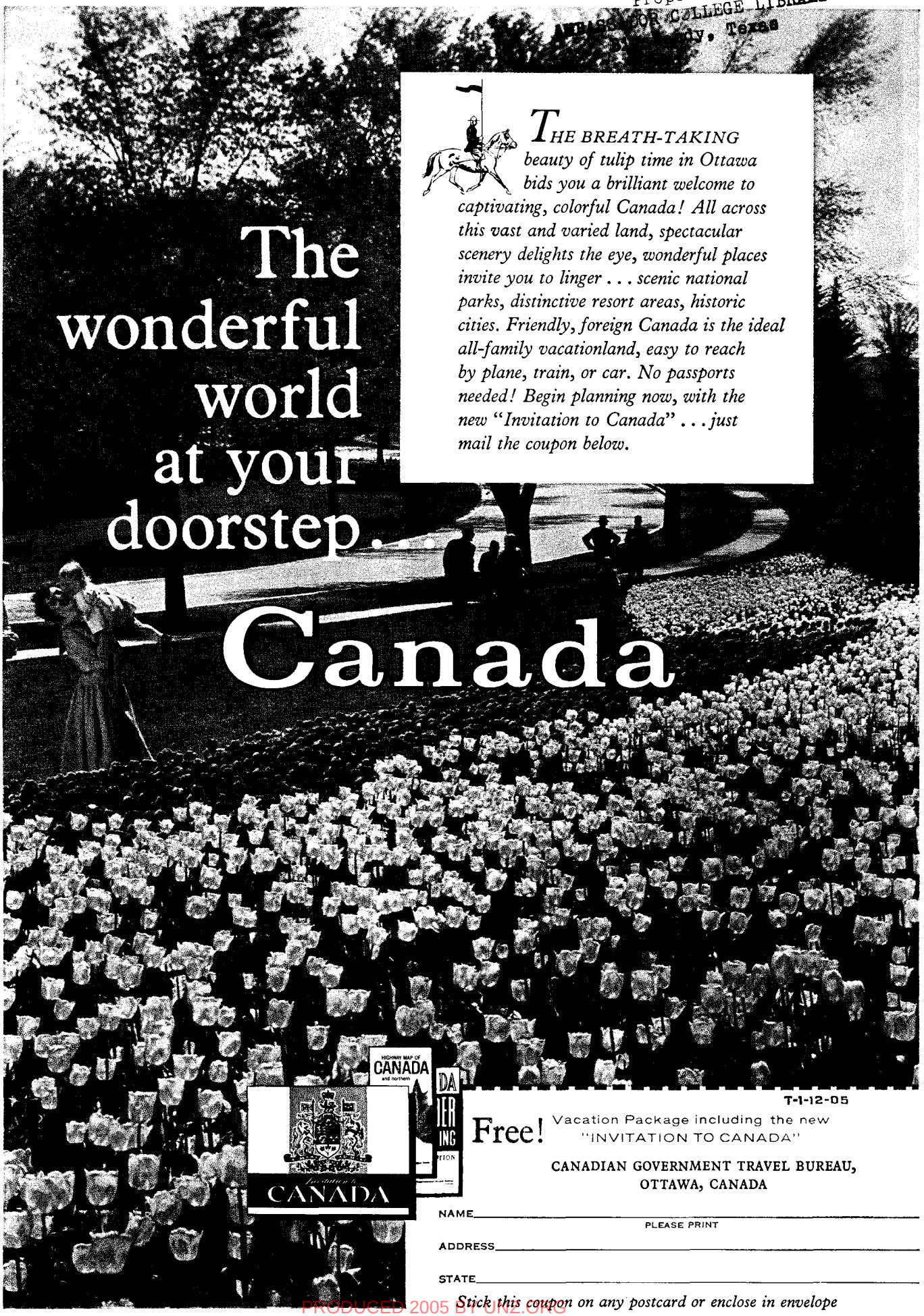

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